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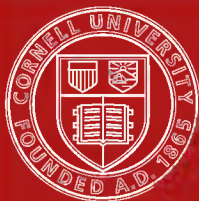
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THE TEMPTER



THE TEMPTER

A TRAGEDY IN VERSE IN FOUR ACTS

BY
HENRY ARTHUR JONES
=

PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE
HAYMARKET THEATRE, LONDON

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE

SEPTEMBER 20, 1893

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THE DEVIL	MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
PRINCE LEON OF AU-	
VERGNE	MR. FRED TERRY.
EARL OF ROUGEMONT .	MR. HOLMAN CLARK.
SIR GILBERT MORBEC .	MR. FULLER MELLISH.
SIR GAULTIER DE FLO-	
RAC	MR. REVELLE.
FATHER URBAN, Prior of	
St. Werburg's Abbey .	MR. FRED. EVERILL.
DROGO POUND, Steward	
to the Earl of Rouge-	
mont	MR. G. W. ANSON.
Host	MR. CHARLES ALLAN.
Cellarer	MR. COWIE.
Master of the Vessel .	MR. BALDIE.
Boatswain	MR. GARRY.
1st Sailor	MR. PATON.
A Singing Pilgrim . . .	MR. A. WIGLEY.
A Child	
THE LADY ISOBEL OF	
CARMAYNE	MISS JULIA NEILSON.
THE LADY AVIS OF	
ROUGEMONT	MRS. TREE.
LETTICE, waiting-maid to	
Lady Isobel	MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
SARAH POUND	MRS. E. H. BROOKE.

*Pilgrims, Sailors, Beggars, Gentlemen, Monks, Serving-
men, Sutlers, Grooms, Waiting-women,
Soldiers, Attendants, etc.*

The scene is laid in England in the fourteenth century.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. ON BOARD PRINCE LEON'S VESSEL IN THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL.

SCENE 2. IN THE COURTYARD OF THE FLEUR-DE-
LYS INN ON THE CANTERBURY ROAD.

A fortnight passes.

ACT II.

SCENE. THE GUEST-HOUSE OF SAINT WERBURG'S
ABBAY NEAR CANTERBURY.

A night passes.

ACT III.

SCENE. A GLADE OUTSIDE THE ABBAY WALLS.

ACT IV.

SCENE. THE OUTSIDE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
AT NIGHT.

*The passages enclosed in brackets may be omitted in
stage representation.*

PROLOGUE.

Leave for awhile the fret of modern life,
Its cheap pert aims, delirious unrest ;
Leave social maladies and the lust-pest
To Nature's surgery. Trust her wise knife.
Shun city fungi with strange fevers rife ;
Nor join crude modern persons in vain quest
For deathless beauty's self and holy zest
Of rapturous martyrdom in some base strife
Of feeble peddling folk, caked in dull filth.
Shut out the reek of this stockjobbing age,
Its wan-faced railway herds, its wealth, its illth,
The muddy ferment of its greed, and rage
Of blind, deaf, mad, industrial war. Close ears.
Close eyes. Waken in long past lovely years.

Waken in Chaucer's England, 'mid the ring
Of bells, 'mid rainbow throngs, and rich gay sights.
Lo ! here a band of pilgrims, dames and knights,
Beset with evil's strong encompassing
In days when men had souls to save. What Thing
Is this that dogs these wayfarers, affrights,
Mocks, lures and frustrates, startles and delights,
And wins them to a wild abandoning
Of heaven, of all ? Such Power dogs us to-day :
The past I show is but our present life,
And we are pilgrims, shadowed on our way,
Waging the old inexplicable strife
With darkness, taint of blood, necessity,
Fate, chance, or—what ? Raise curtain. Let us see.

THE TEMPTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board PRINCE LEON's ship off the
South Foreland.*

Night. A storm raging ; very dark, thunder and lightning ; sailors in the rigging lowering the sails ; the sails are torn ; sailors hurrying to and fro ; a steersman at the rudder ; the master of the ship directing with master's whistle ; shouting, hurrying, alarm.

Master. [*Shouting.*] Lower her sails ! Ho there !
Be nimble. [*To the Steersman.*] Keep her head out
to sea !

*Enter from below SIR GAULTIER DE FLORAC, a young
knight attendant on PRINCE LEON.*

Sir Gaul. How now, master ?

Master. Keep below, Sir Gaultier.

Sir Gaul. The Prince would know where we are.

Master. 'Tis more than I can tell in this pitchy blackness.

Sir Gaul. Is the Prince in peril?

Master. He's as near Heaven as the rest of us.

Sir Gaul. Is it so? What wilt thou do to save his life?

Master. The same that I shall do to save my own. Keep below, Sir Gaultier. Bid the Prince and all your company keep below.

Sir Gaul. Nay, we'll not stay there to be drowned like rats. Thou knowest what the Prince's life is worth, and how all the hopes of France and England hang upon this voyage! What can I do to rescue him?

Master. Take him on thy back and swim ashore with him.

Sir Gaul. Dost thou jeer at me?

Master. Nay, nay, Sir Gaultier, but stand out of my way. The ship's driving ashore. If we 'scape and live, we live; if we perish, we perish. Below! Below and pray; 'tis all that thou canst do. We're in God's hands!

Sir Gaul. Nay, in the devil's hands, I think. 'Tis the devil that sends such weather as this.

Enter the PRINCE from below.

Prince. Gaultier, where art thou?

Sir Gaul. Here, my Prince.

Prince. How now?

Are we in jeopardy?

Sir Gaul. We walk a plank
'Twixt heaven and hell ! Look at this boiling pit !
[*A terrific thunderclap.*]
Mercy ! Are Satan's legions all broke loose ?

Enter a Sailor from below.

Sailor. She's sprung a leak ! Below ! All hands
below ! [Exeunt all except the PRINCE and SIR
GAULTIER.]

Prince. Gaultier, if so it chance, that these mad
seas
Drown me and let thee live——

Sir Gaul. If thou art drowned,
Be sure that I'll not live to tell the tale.
I'll perish too !

Prince. Nay, as thou art my friend,
Escape if so thou may. Do this for me ;
Thou wilt ?

Sir Gaul. I promise thee.

Prince. If I go down,
Bear thou this message to the Lady Avis ;
Tell her that though my eyes have never looked
On her dear face since those remembered days
When she, the daintiest maid of seven, and I,
A boy of twelve, were, by our parents' will,
And our pleased, wondering, childish love, betrothed
And promised to each other, though since then
Our countries' wars have parted us, yet ever
My tenderest heartstrings have been tied to hers ;
And lately, when the King of England offered,

As sign and pledge of his goodwill to France,
That our betrothal should be ratified,
And I should marry her, his god-daughter,
And bind our countries in a lasting peace,
Tell her that when her picture came to show
How sweet and fair my playmate wife had grown,
My childhood's love came rushing back, and I
Took my most solemn vow to be her knight,
Her stainless knight, pure, consecrate to her
Alone. And as God hears my words, maybe
My dying words, I've kept my vow. Here, here,
In my heart's secret shrine, her image dwells,
Maiden, inviolate !

*[Thunder, lightning. Shrieks and howls, and
cries of despair from below.]*

Enter a Soldier from below in fright.

Soldier. My liege ! My liege !
Please you to come below ! The men grow wild
And riotous. They are beside themselves.

*[The PRINCE goes to hold, shouting as he
exits.]*

Prince. Ye cowards ? Cease this brawl ! Come,
cease, I say ! *[Exit, followed by Attendant.]*

Sir Gaul. *[Calls to Steersman.]* Steersman !

Steers. Ay, ay !

Sir Gaul. Does she answer to her rudder ?

Steers. I scarce know in all this uproar. Please
God, I'll keep her off the land.

*[Exit SIR GAULTIER below. A huge wave.
The vessel reels, the Steersman is swept]*

*off. A flash of lightning reveals the
DEVIL in the Steersman's place.*

Devil. [Alone, steering.] Please God or not, I'll
dash her on the rocks ! *[Looking after Steers-
man, shouting after him.]*

Thou wilt please God ? About it then, thou fool !

[Stretches forth his arm ; a flash of lightning.]

My swift, pale harbinger, skip through the heavens !
Dart, blast and havoc ! Daunt these seamen's hearts !
Palsy their sinews ! Dry their bloods with fright !

[Stretches forth his arm ; another flash.]

Nearer ! Awake, old thunder ! Roll ! Split ! Crash !
Ocean, voluptuous destroyer, help !

Thou always wast a rebel ! Lash and chafe !

Rage ! Leap ! Spit thy triumphant spume to
heaven !

Open thy gulfy jaws for this new herd,

This Gadarean feast that I shall send thee !

Hither, ye winds ! Howl ! Browbeat ! Roar and
baffle

These seafarers. Drown all, save one ! Spare him !

[Stretches forth his hand ; lightning, thunder.]

Louder ! 'Tis very good ! Evil is good,
And power is good, and Death and ruin good !
Why, He pronounced Creation good, and I
Pronounce Destruction good !

*[A great cry of fright ; a crowd of the
PRINCE'S Attendants rush up from below
in panic, followed by the PRINCE and SIR
GAULTIER.]*

Here come this fry !

[*The vessel reels ; a cry of fright.*]

Why, how these barn-door fowl cling to their lives !

[*Shrieks, howls.*]

The PRINCE and SIR GAULTIER come from below.

Prince. Ye knaves ! What now ? What ails ye ?
What's to do ? [*Following the Attendants,
driving them in front of him. Cries of " We
drown, we perish ! "*]

Well, drown, and perish, if ye must, like men.
Ye have faced death a hundred times in battle,
When wounds and agony, horror and thirst,
Waited upon him. And are ye frightened now,
When he comes tenderly as dreaming sleep ?
Shame ! Shame ! Ye cowards ! Nay, ye have served
me well.

I will speak gently ! Soldiers, servants, friends !

[*Murmurs of " The Prince speaks." " Hear
him." " Listen," etc. The wind howls.*]

[*Raising his voice.*] As ye would bear yourselves upon
the field,

So bear you now. He that doth blench or flinch
Is no liege-man of mine. [Look upon me !
What one among you all has such dear cause
To live as I ? Yonder the sweetest lady
In all of Christendom, waits to be made
My bride ! What joy of life I ne'er shall taste
If we go down, and yet ye see me here
As calm as though I laid me down to sleep.]

Devil. Oh, you're a man of pluck ! You're a man of mettle, but wait till I get you on my grindstone.

[Cries of "Long live the Prince !"]

Prince. Is any yet afeared ?

[Cries of "No," interrupted by thunder and lightning ; cries of fear ; the Master of the vessel rushes on in alarm.]

Master. My liege, she's sinking ! Save yourself how you can !

Sir Gaul. Sinking ! Then God have mercy on us !

Prince. Oh, Gaultier ! 'tis maddening that I shall die, and never clasp her. If thou live Bear thou my message, say that as I sank *[Taking picture from his breast, kissing it.]*

I held her picture to my lips, and whispered

Avis. *[Lightning, thunder ; a bolt strikes the ship and splits the mast ; the ship begins to sink ; cries of terror and despair.]*

Kiss me ! we're sinking !

[Hurrying, confusion ; cries of "We're sinking !" "She's sinking !" "To the boat !"]

Sailors rush on and fall on their knees.

Sailor. God have mercy ! Christ have mercy ! God hear me !

Devil. He's deaf ! He's not at home ! He's gone upon a journey !

1st Sailor. *[On his knees.]* God have mercy on me !

Devil. I'll have mercy on thee.

3rd Sailor. Save me to repent ! Let me live ! Let

me live ! [*Rushing frantically backwards and forwards, shrieking and squealing.*] Give me another year, another month, another hour. Save me to repent !

[*Climbs up to the DEVIL.*

Devil. Repent, rascal ? Thou hast been damned these ten years past.

[*He is washed overboard with a cry ; more Sailors and Attendants rush on ; the ship sinks deeper ; cries of despair.*

Sailor. There's liquor in the hold.

Devil. Drink, ye rascals ! Drown yourselves in drink. Die besotted. You'll wake sober. [*Sailors bring on a barrel of liquor ; they open it, and begin quarrelling.*] [*Above them in the aftcastle.*] Up ! Up, and cut each other's throats ! Let's have some mutiny ! To the boats, and fight each other like wild beasts !

Sailors. The boats ! The boats !

Devil. That's better. Curse ! Curse ! Mutiny ! Blaspheme !

[*The vessel reels ; the moon breaks out and reveals the DEVIL steering, Sailors quarrelling and stabbing each other. Sailors shout and point him out. "Look ! Look !" Yells of execration. The vessel lurches and they are swept off. The vessel sinks still deeper. As the vessel goes down the PRINCE is seen climbing up to the DEVIL. The ship sinks. Cries and groans. Darkness. Cries and*

groans continue. A lurid dawn slowly spreads over the scene with great leaden storm-clouds above, and along the horizon copper clouds in a pale green lake of light. A small boat is seen on the waters with the PRINCE and the DEVIL therein, the DEVIL rowing. The sea is strewn with corpses, and faintly reflects the copper sky; the mast of the sunken ship is seen above the waters. Land dimly seen in the distance, fringed with surf. Scene changes to Scene 2.

SCENE 2. *Courtyard of the Fleur-de-Lys Inn on the Canterbury road.*

A large archway, right, leading from the road. An archway, left. A balcony all along left side over the archway, with steps coming down. The inn door with porch at back, to the left. A large bench outside the inn at back, to the right. A stone seat down stage, left. The balcony pillars are covered with ivy, which grows on to the bright warm red roof at back. Everything very bright and sunny.

Enter DROGO POUND, steward to the EARL OF ROUGEMONT, goes to the inn door, shouts, knocks.

Drogo.

Ho! ho! Here!

Enter Host and Serving-man from inn.

Host. Give you good day, sir!

Drogo. Make ready all your rooms on the instant.

Here comes my lord, the Earl of Rougemont, and the Lady Avis, his daughter, and the Lady Isobel of Carmayne, his niece, and Sir^e Gilbert Morbec, with divers other pilgrims on their way to the shrine of the blessed St. Thomas at Canterbury! [*Seats himself.*] Some wine. And, hearkee, I know good wine!

Host. [*To Serving-man.*] Bid them make ready all the rooms. Bring this gentleman some of the ten year old. [*Exit Serving-man into inn.*] We had knowledge of the Lord Rougemont's coming. They say the Lady Avis is to be wedded to a great lord of France, and she is now on her wedding journey.

Drogo. True, and the Prince Leon of Auvergne is now on his way across the sea to meet her at Canterbury, and wed her there.

[*Servant brings wine to DROGO.*]

Host. Heaven give them joy, and send peace between us and France!

Drogo. Amen! [*Drinks deeply.*] That's good liquor, host.

Host. 'Tis my best.

Drogo. Hearkee, we may lodge here some days. I do not eat now nor drink, save bread and water only. [*The Host looks surprised.*] My lord and I are doing penance; we walk barefoot; we sleep but three hours a night; we wake at midnight and receive a wholesome scourging. My lord has a beggar to scourge him; my wife Sarah scourges me. We are doing a mighty penance till we purge ourselves clean of all sin at the tomb of the holy martyr. See that my wife

Sarah hath plenty of this same liquor while we lodge here. What hast thou for supper?

[SARAH *has entered from archway; comes to*
DROGO.

Host. Some flesh of mutton and beef, some venison pasties, some boar's head, some chitterlings—we have abundance of good cheer.

[DROGO *has been smacking his lips, and nodding*
his head approvingly.

Drogo. Put down thy belongings, Sarah, and find thy way to the buttery. Are there any beggars in your town?

Host. We have a goodly multitude of Christ's poor.

Drogo. [To Serving-man.] Call hither all the beggars of the town. Tell them the Lord of Rougemont comes, and is full of blessed charity.

[Exit Serving-man.

Host. What sin hath the Earl of Rougemont done that he doeth such grievous penance?

Drogo. He hath seized upon the estate of Carmayne in France, which by rights should go to his niece the Lady Isobel. He lays claim to it under the Salic law, and hath appealed to the Holy Father, who hath ruled that he shall keep all the earldom, and do penance for it to Holy Church.

Host. Heaven assoyle his soul! And the Lady Isobel?

Drogo. Oh! she is to be a nun; she is nought. Prepare your worst room for my lord,—'tis his penance. Put the Lady Avis in your best room. The

Lady Isobel—'tis no matter where you put her, she is nought. See that my wife Sarah is comfortably lodged. My lord is resting a mile hence; I go to fetch him. See that all is made ready.

Host. It shall straightway be done. [*Exit into inn.*]

Enter the DEVIL at left gateway, dressed as a soldier of forty-five, bluff, hearty, roystering.

Devil. [*Calling off.*] Perk up, my bantling! Your best leg forward.

[*The PRINCE staggers in, pale, weak, utterly exhausted; his clothes ragged, torn, muddy.*]

Prince. I'm dog-tired! I'll go no further! I—I—[*Staggers*]. I—oh—I shall die! [*Drops fainting.*]

Devil. Some day—not yet. 'Tis thy live soul I want, Not thy dead body. Ho, hither! Ho! ho!

[*Beating at the inn door.*]

Host enters in a hurry.

Host. Why, who the devil—[*Seeing the DEVIL.*] Your pardon, sir! A hearty welcome to you!

Devil. My constant greeting!

Host. [*Seeing the PRINCE.*] Why, who is here?

Devil. A friend of mine.

Host. Not dead?

Devil. No, he has swooned. Some of thy liquor to revive him—the ten year old. Get it! [*The Host moves slowly.*] Come, be alive! About it! Quick, or I shall tickle you! [*The Host hurries into inn. The PRINCE gasps.*]

[*Bending over the PRINCE.*] Ah! gasp and groan.

You'd marry Lady Avis,
Tinker a peace between these angry kings,
Cheat me of famine, war, and pestilence.
When I stand ready to unleash my hounds
For glut and rapine of a hundred years,
You'd muzzle them, and marry Lady Avis.
I'll show thee better sport than Lady Avis ;
And I'll show Isobel far better sport
Than marrying Holy Church, and I will have
A little merry sport myself, and twist
Things inside out, and upside down, and stir
A glorious hurly-burly hereabout !

*The Host enters from inn with wine. The DEVIL
bends over the PRINCE, and shouts in his ear.*

Hillo ! hillo ! Wake up ! Wake up ! Hillo ! [*The
PRINCE stirs a little.*]

[*To the Host.*] Open his jaws, and pour it down. [*The
Host does so ; the PRINCE drinks, revives.*]

How now ?

Prince. Oh, I shall die !

Devil. Die ? Ah, to be sure you will, after a good
life well spent in drinking and wenching, and all
manner of wholesome ungodliness. Drink again !
[*The PRINCE drinks.*] Some more ! Come ! That's
brave ! Now you're a man again !

Prince. [*Dazed, weak, fuddled.*] How long have we
been travelling together ?

Devil. All the day long since six in the morning.

Prince. What's to-day ?

Devil. Wednesday.

Prince. Then 'twas last night I was shipwrecked?

Devil. Shipwrecked? Ay, so I suppose; I happened to be abroad early this morning and found you on the seashore, flat on your belly, with your nose in the mud, like the battered figurehead of a ten years' drowned vessel.

Prince. Why have you shown me such kindness? [*Looking keenly at him.*] Who are you? Tell me, that I may reward you.

Devil. Virtue is its own reward. Host, prepare us some supper! See to it! My friend is ready to famish. [*The Host is going into inn.*] [*Calls.*] Host, have you seen aught of my very good friends, the Earl of Rougemont and the Lady Avis? [*The PRINCE stops drinking and shows eager attention.*] And the Lady Isobel of Carmayne?

Host. They are now coming into the town; we are making ready our best accommodation for them.

[*Exit Host into inn.*]

Prince. [*Starts up.*] The Lady Avis will be here to-night! [*Looks at his clothes with great shame.*] Look at me! [*Looking at his draggled attire; creeping off.*]

I'll hide somewhere till they've gone on their way.

Devil. [*Stopping him.*] Hearkee! You've not seen the Lady Avis since you were children?

Prince. No. [*The DEVIL looks at him, laughs, grunts.*]

What's the matter?

Devil. [*Grunts disapprovingly, shakes his head.*] It's no affair of mine.

Prince. What's no affair of yours?

Devil. Your marriage with the Lady Avis. And yet——

Prince. Well, yet——

Devil. Don't ask me. I'm far too ready to mix myself in other people's business. Don't ask me!

Prince. [*Pursuing him.*] But, sir, if you know anything, I entreat you as my friend——

Devil. Why do you think of marrying her?

Prince. We are pledged to one another, and our marriage will secure our countries peace.

Devil. [*Grunts.*] Well, marry her.

Prince. Why so I shall, unless——

Devil. Unless! Drink, man, and listen. [*The PRINCE drinks.*] Why, what a plague do you want war to cease—you, a knight and soldier? And what a plague do you want to marry in the heyday of your youth and lustihood? Marry? Drown yourself! Marry? Hang yourself! Marry? Bury yourself! I've been travelling with these pilgrims! I've seen——[*Sniffs.*] what I have seen. The Lady Avis is no match for you. But the Lady Isobel. The Lady Isobel! Oh, my lost youth!

Prince. But I'm betrothed to the Lady Avis.

Devil. Well, marry her!

Prince. Is she not worthy of me?

Devil. Judge her for yourself before you go further.

Prince. Judge her for myself? How can I?

Devil. Hum ! A young squire was slain here in a drunken brawl—I did my best to keep him out of it, but he would fight, the fool—his dress is within ; 'tis a rich silk and velvet ; put it on, and be my squire.

Prince. Your squire ?

Devil. You're not expected for a day or two ; you can study her and know her, yourself unknown ; and when the game is out you can declare yourself.

Drogo. [*His voice heard off right.*] Make way there for the mighty Earl of Rougemont, and the Lady Avis, and the Lady Isobel of Carmayne.

Devil. Come ! [*The PRINCE hesitates.*] Judge her before you marry her. Come !

[*Leading the way into the inn.*]

Prince. [*Hesitating, laughingly, jestingly.*] So I'm to be your squire ?

Devil. You'll find me a merry, easy master.

[*They look off ; the DEVIL draws the PRINCE into the inn.*]

Enter the EARL OF ROUGEMONT, barefooted, in sack-cloth, doing penance. Enter the LADY AVIS and her maid. Enter the LADY ISOBEL and LETTICE, her maid. Enter SIR GILBERT MORBEC, very attentive to the LADY ISOBEL, who is cold and reserved to him. Enter SARAH POUND. Enter some twenty other Pilgrims of different ages, ranks, and stations.

Earl of R. Is everything prepared for me as for the vilest sinner on this earth ?

Drogo. [*Very obsequiously.*] Yes, my lord.

Earl of R. Bring me the beggars.

Drogo. I go to fetch them, my lord.

[*The Pilgrims make a move to go into the inn.*]

Earl of R. I pray you all wait and bear witness how I abase myself before the dregs and offscouring of the earth.

[*The Pilgrims wait.*]

Iso. I wonder what hath become of our delightful guide and companion to-day.

[*The DEVIL peeps round the balcony of the inn just above her. A black gown is thrown over his soldier's dress, giving him the appearance of a gentleman scholar; his manners are well bred, elegant, plausible, bland, cynical, philosophical, engaging. With the LADY ISOBEL and LADY AVIS he continues this manner, with the PRINCE he assumes a rougher, bluffer, more soldierly manner.*]

Devil. [*Looking down on her.*] You miss me, then?

You'll find me at your side,

Or in your ear, or perched upon your instep,

Or swinging in your curls, or galloping

In your rebellious blood, whene'er you will.

[*Coming down the balcony steps to them.*]

Avis. I do not like that man. He frightens me.

Sir Gil. I hate him. He's a coxcomb. I can't bear him.

Devil. List'ners, they say——

Sir Gil. A cursed coxcomb! Damn him.

Devil. Damn me! That's quite superfluous! That's butter

On bacon.

Iso. He is full of pleasantness
To me. Who can he be, I wonder? Minstrel,
Or traveller, courtier, philosopher,
Soldier, or what?

Devil. [Aside.] Just what folks think me, that
I am. *[Coming down steps to them.]*
[Very courteous, smiling.] Your very humble servant,
ladies. Sir Gilbert, your servant. *[Bowing.]* Merry
good day to you!

[SIR GILBERT scowls at him, and exit into inn.]

Iso. Where have you been?

Devil. Not far, and I've returned
*[Stepping between her and AVIS, separating them,
whispering into ISOBEL'S ear.]*

To see your holy uncle butter Heaven!
Watch him!

*Re-enter DROGO at the head of a crowd of Beggars of
all ages, both sexes,—a very dirty, variegated
rabble.*

Drogo. [Arranging the Beggars.] Be seemly now!
Be orderly.

*[The EARL OF ROUGEMONT comes forward with
a very meek and sanctified expression, kneels
to the Beggars, praying at the same time,
lifting his eyes to Heaven.]*

Devil. [Observing him.] Oh, how I love a hypocrite!
[There's reason

And salary for other sins. For lies,

Lust, murder, robbery, I pay good wage,
But all my darling hypocrites sin gratis,
Do penance, mortify themselves, mouth, fast,
Obey a thousand senseless, joyless rites.
For what? That Heaven and I may both look on,
Equally uncozened, equally amused :
Go on, poor hypocrites, and cheat yourselves.]

[*The EARL OF ROUGEMONT continues on his knees praying.*

Drogo. [*To the Beggars.*] Back, ye knaves, back ye scullions !

Doff your caps. Know ye whose presence ye are in ?

Earl of R. [*Rising.*] Chide them not, Drogo !
They are in the presence of the most miserable sinner
that walks this earth.

[*Taking out purse to distribute alms.*

Devil. [*Aside to ISOBEL.*] He hath stolen all thy heritage of Carmayne, and he will buy his soul's pardon with these few stray pence. It's a cheap quittance.

Iso. [*To the DEVIL.*] Will Heaven quit him ?

Earl of R. [*Showering alms amongst the Beggars.*]
Here, my brethren, my sisters. 'Tis all I have by me,
but ye are truly welcome. Ye deserve it far more
than I. [*The Beggars scramble for the money.*

Drogo. Long live the Earl of Rougemont ! Shout,
ye scum ! Shout, ye carcasses !

Beggars. [*Scrambling about.*] Long live the Earl
of Rougemont !

[*The EARL goes to the inn door. The Beggars shout.*

Earl of R. Pray not for my life. Life is evil. Pray for my soul. Drogo, see that the filthiest of them all is appointed to scourge me. [*To the Beggars.*] Pray for my soul.

[*Exit into inn; all the Pilgrims follow him except*
AVIS, ISOBEL, and LETTICE.

Devil. Ay, pray for his soul. The breath that's wasted hereabouts, would turn a dozen windmills. But pray away ! Pray away !

[*DROGO looks amongst the Beggars, and selects the*
most ill-favoured ruffian of them all.

Drogo. [*To the rest of the Beggars.*] Away, ye villains ! Begone !

[*Exeunt all the Beggars except the one selected.*
Hither, you scab ! Come to my lord's room ; bide there till midnight ; then wake him, drag him from his bed, and give him forty stripes. Lay them on soundly. Spare him not. Scourge the Devil out of him.

[*Exeunt DROGO and the Beggar into inn.*

Devil. They whip themselves for my misdeeds. I like
This doctrine of vicarious suffering.

[*Manent DEVIL, ISOBEL, AVIS, and LETTICE.*

Iso. [*To LETTICE.*] Go see what room they have prepared for me.

[*LETTICE comes up to the inn door. The DEVIL*
is standing across it, arms akimbo in a con-
templative mood; she cannot pass.

Let. Good sir, will you let me pass ?

[*Curtsies to him.*

Devil. You curtsey prettily. Curtsey again. [*She curtsies again, more lowly.*]

You have been well taught, little minx.

Let. My mother bid me always curtsey to a gentleman. [*Curtsies again.*]

Devil. You're a rare judge of character, but hearkee,
[*Whispers in her ear; she turns pale with fright.*]

William Gamel's played you false.

Let. Oh, sir !

Devil. Hush ! [*Motions her that LADY ISOBEL may see her.*] We'll have some further talk about him.
[*Motions her into the inn. Exit LETTICE, scared, trembling.*]

Poor little soul ! It's rather sorry work
Damning such sprats. But I am a wholesale trader ;
All's fish that swims within my net, and here [*Watching ISOBEL and AVIS.*]

Is bigger game. [*Inside porch, watching.*]

Avis. [*Following ISOBEL.*] Why dost thou turn from me ?

Thou dost not love me as thou wast wont to do.

Thou shalt not give thyself unto the Church ;

Thou art not quite resolved ?

Iso. Indeed I am.

What else remains to me ? The day that thou

Dost give thyself unto thy Prince, that day

I give myself unto my God.

Devil. [*Watching, aside.*] To God, dear maid ?

Avis. Then for this little while be all my own,

My very own, my sister sweetheart. Love me !

[*Coaxing, fondling* ISOBEL.]

Love me, I say, love me with all thy heart !

I will not be denied ! Love me ! Dost hear ?

Iso. [*Coldly.*] Thou hast another love.

Avis. I want thine too.

What is it that hath come between us, dear ?

Is it Carmayne ? If it were mine to say,

Carmayne should all be thine.

Iso. And thy Prince too ?

Avis. No, not my Prince, for from my cradle
upwards

He hath been promised to me. Is it my Prince

Thou grudgest me ?

Iso. I grudge thee nothing, cousin.

Avis. Then say with all thy heart, speak very
truth,

“Avis, I wish you joy.”

Devil. [*Aside.*] 'Tis easily said ;

Come, tell a gracious lie. Kiss her and hate her.

[ISOBEL suddenly flings her arms round AVIS.]

Iso. I wish you joy ! Be happy, dearest Avis !

Avis. Why, so I will be, now thou lovest me.

Iso. I love thee ? Yes ; what thing have I beside
In all the earth to love—or that loves me ?

Avis. Dear Isobel ! How can I comfort thee ?

[*The DEVIL comes behind them to separate them.*

Iso. [*Disengaging herself from Avis's embrace.*]

Nay, let me be ! Look ! Here's our stranger
friend ! [*The DEVIL steps between them.*]

Well, good sir mystery?

Devil.

Mystery? In me?

Iso. You join us suddenly, and all the day
Beguile us with your jest and song. And then
Suddenly you vanish, and suddenly
You come again. If I may be so bold,
Who are you? What are you?

Devil.

That's a sore point.

Frankly—I am a fallen gentleman.
I have known better days. I looked around
And saw the world was shamefully misgoverned,
Confused, disordered, and quite out of joint.
I had a plan to put things straight. Alas!
'Twas quite misunderstood. I was defeated,
Lost my estate and character. Since then
The world's affairs have grown from bad to worse,
And what the end will be, Heaven only knows!

Iso. Perhaps your character will be restored.

Devil. I trust so. I have many influential
Friends at court. Meantime I'm cruelly slandered,
And evil gossip hath so smudged my name
That in good company I do not choose
To mention who I am. But whatsoe'er
Folks say, I'm not so black as I've been painted.

Iso. Poor gentleman!

Devil. [*To AVIS.*] Will you not pity me?

Avis. I do not understand your case. Come, cousin!

[*Trying to get ISOBEL away.*]

Iso. No. Stay. [*To the DEVIL.*] What is your
occupation now?

Devil. I journey to and fro about the world——

[*Pause.*]

Studying mankind.

Iso. What do you think of men ?

Devil. Ah ! Do not ask. Perhaps I'm prejudiced !
Perhaps I've seen too much of them, know them
Too well.

Iso. [*Very coaxing.*] But give us your opinion,
pray.

Devil. If you will have it, man's an odd animal,
Much lower than the angels ; rather higher
Than the brutes ; false, envious, vicious, greedy,
Ignorant, vain, inconstant, superstitious,
Purposeless, impotent, ridiculous.
He knows not whence he comes nor where he goes ;
He bribes his fellow-apes to flatter him,
Sniffs up the incense of their mean applause,
And calls it glory. He sets up an image
Of his lank, pitiable, monkey self,
And calls it God. He brags and perishes ;
That's all his history ! 'Tis charitable
To think him mad ; for that's the only key
To his most strange career on this strange earth.
And why he tarries here, and why he labours,
And feeds and rests, and why he keeps on breeding,
Are mysteries to me. [*Suddenly to Avis.*] Your par-
don, lady,
This is too strong philosophy for maids.
I hear you're shortly to be wed. And girls
Who are to marry should know nought of life.

Avis. You seem to see much evil in mankind.

Devil. They are a speckled lot.

Iso. But sure, Prince Leon——

Avis. [*Quickly.*] Cousin, I would not have Prince
Leon's name

Brought into company with such talk as this !

Devil. Dear damosel, you're right. He is to be
Your lord and husband. So believe him perfect.

Avis. I know him for a pure and blameless knight.

[*AVIS turns away from him to go into the inn.*]

Devil. I never knew a knight that wasn't blameless
And pure. They're all alike, the very flower
Of chivalry.

Avis. [*At inn door.*] Sir, you have read him truly.
Come, Isobel, 'tis near to vesper time.

[*Exit into inn. It is growing dusk. ISOBEL is
following her into inn, stops.*]

Iso. No, I'll stay here and take the evening air.
What is it so disquiets me to-night ?
Breathes and o'erhovers, drives about my spirit
With unimaginable dreads and hopes,
And footfalls of some great event to come ?
Shadow me softly, angel of my future !

[*Her eyes rest upon the DEVIL; he is looking steadily at her ; she goes towards archway.
She turns and looks at the DEVIL, goes towards him, turns, and goes off. A vesper hymn
is sung within during the following speech.*]

Devil. [*Looking after her.*] How wooingly this
Isobel doth lend

Her soul unto its ruin. Oh, thou desire
Of every eye ! Beauty incomparable !
How gloriously it will become thee, girl,
To sit in that fierce place, swaddled in coats
Of fire, while on the tendrils of thy heart,
Thy woman's heart, fattens th' undying worm,
And from thy honied lips thy honied tongue
Hangs in white scurf of thirst unquenchable.
At other times, when I am frolicsome,
To plunge with thee in hissing lava lakes,
Or burn through blist'ring hails ; to ache and pant
Under th' intolerable, thick oppression
Of stagnant air. Then to suddenly snatch thee
To awful heights, breathless, unbearable ;
To buckle thee all shuddering to my side,
And ride on singeing whirlwinds boisterous,
Intoxicate with bedlam mirth, midst loud
Ascending choruses reverberant,
Th' eternal music that lost spirits make,
Sweeter than dulcimers, more clamorous
Than cymbals, than the lyre more plaintive far,
Groans, howls, gnashings of teeth, desires, despairs,
Heart-hungers, curses fruitless, fruitless prayers,
Tears, shrieks, and wails unending. This is thy lot.
How wilt thou bear these sov'reign agonies,
Proud Lady Isobel ?

[Withdraws into the shade of the porch.]

ISOBEL *re-enters* ; SIR GILBERT *is following her.*

Sir Gil. *[To ISOBEL.]* Will you not walk with me ?

Iso. I do not choose.

Sir Gil. But I would speak with you.

[*Stopping her entrance to the inn.*]

Iso. I do not choose.

[*He comes nearer to her.*]

You weary me! You weary me! Have done!

You are more tedious than life itself.

[*Exit. SIR GILBERT stands nonplussed. The
DEVIL comes up behind him.*]

Devil. After her, man! Look how she nods and pouts.

[*SIR GILBERT starts to go after her, stops.*]

Sir Gil. She seems in anger.

Devil. Yes, to draw you on.

All roguery and woman's trickery.

Trust me! I know them! Look! After her, man.

[*SIR GILBERT rushes off after ISOBEL.*]

[*Watching very complacently.*] There will be a tempest.

Enter DROGO and SARAH from inn. SARAH has a quantity of provisions and a large wine-jar under her cloak.

Drogo. [*Very tenderly.*] Full of plums, Sarah?
And the stuffed brawn, Sarah?

Sarah. 'Tis all here under my cloak, lovey Drogo!

Devil. [*Making a wry face.*] Lovey Drogo!
[*SARAH chucking him under the chin. DROGO
kisses her.*]

[*Annoyed, impatient.*] This middle-aged cossetting!

There's something horribly unnatural about it.

Drogo. And the venison pasty?

Sarah. Yes, yes, lovey. Here it is!

Drogo. My blessing! What a rich treasure thou art to me, Sarah!

Devil. How now, Drogo?

Drogo. [*Bowing.*] Save you, good sir!

Devil. Amen. Where go you, Drogo?

Drogo. We go for a loving walk while the others of our company sup.

Devil. [*Pointing with his sword to Sarah's cloak.*] What's this, Sarah?

*SARAH turns round, goes toward archway; the
DEVIL follows her, with his sword drawn.*

Sarah. Oh, good sir—pray you, sir—

Devil. Uncloak! Let's see. [*She drops the dishes.*] Is that your supper, Drogo?

Drogo. [*Unmoved.*] No, sir. 'Tis Sarah's. I have vowed to eat nought but bread and water on this pilgrimage. I do penance with my lord.

Devil. Good Drogo! Follow thy lord's example. You'll make a good end, Drogo.

Drogo. Sir, I shall strive. Come, Sarah, put away the victuals from my sight, they may tempt me. [*Smells them.*] Nay, I am strong enough to be tempted. [*Smelling the victuals. Exeunt SARAH and DROGO.*

Devil. [*Watching them off.*] That rogue has caught hypocrisy from his master. It's very catching here in England! There must be something in the climate

of this favoured isle that suits with it! When I have time I'll look me out a pair of very choice hypocrites, and plant them here in England; they'll breed, they'll breed, and in a few hundred years the country will swarm with them! [*Looking off.*] Here come my other turtle-doves.

ISOBEL *enters, right, in a furious rage, followed by*
SIR GILBERT *sulky, resentful, baffled.*

What is it now?

Iso. [*With immense disdain.*] This fellow, this thing
here

That creeps about me, hath so far forgot
The lineage that I bear, and who I am,
That he hath dared to put upon me treatment
Such as he'd offer in his cups to some
Base kitchen wench. Down on thy knees, thou
dastard!

Down at my feet, I say, and ask my pardon!

Sir Gil. Thy pardon! Booh on thy pardon!
Hearkee!

You're a proud vixen, and you must be tamed!

Thy pardon? Booh, and booh!

[*Makes her a mock bow, bursts into jeering laughter, exit. She stands rigid with anger for some moments, stamps her feet with rage, then bursts into sobs. The DEVIL approaches her very insinuatingly from behind.*

Devil. [*Very softly and sweetly.*] Lady, your pardon.

Iso. Don't look at me. I am ashamed to weep.
I'm utterly alone, forsaken, friendless !

Devil. No ; I'm your friend. How often latterly
I've watched you, and how vainly longed to help
you !

Iso. How good you are !

Devil. Why do you bear these wrongs
And insults, when so easily you might
Put forth your hand and take your great revenge ?

Iso. Revenge ?

Devil. Upon this holy robber-uncle
That thieves your land ! Upon this meek-faced cousin
That thieves your husband.

Iso. [*Startled, looks round.*] Husband !

Devil. I said it.

Your cousin has not seen the Prince since childhood ;
She nurses her calf-love. He's a grown man,
And has no taste for pap.

Iso. I am betrothed
Unto the Church. How durst thou tell me this ?

Devil. You are not wed. Why vow yourself away,
Your warm, live self, your beauty, wit, and grace,
To that bleak spouse, the Church ; to starving diet,
To clammy, crude discomfort, prayer and fast,
And chilly vigils with the bloodless saints,
The fire and joy of life damped out ! No, no !
You shall not do it ! Hark ! I know the Prince.

Iso. [*Listens fascinated.*] You know the Prince ?

Devil. As well as my own brother.

Iso. What's he like ?

Devil. [*Smiles.*] He is—a man.

Iso. But what's he like?

Devil. [*Smiling.*] He is—a man.

Iso. Ay, but what kind of man?

Devil. [*With great insinuation; she listens with great attention, much fascinated.*] He is the top of bravery and grace.

All the French dames are lovelorn mad for him,
And green with jealousy for his passing look.
He's lithe as willow, strong as oak, as straight
As fir, supple as ash, as cherry sweet,
Graceful as vine. He's the ripe spring incarnate!
His veins flush fuller with live blood than June
With sap. His step is like the antelope's;
His thrust a spear of lightning, but his kiss
Is spicery and west wind. Health and bright mirth
Play at his heels, his eyes laugh light, his lips
Speak honey. Such a man is he.

Iso. [*Has listened with breathless admiration.*]
Indeed!

Devil. [*Continuing.*] He is the bravest knight in
all the land,

And on his mother's side his blood is royal.
When the king dies, the factions that rend France
Will one day put the throne within his reach.
She whom he chooses will be Queen of France.

Iso. [*Lifts herself proudly.*] The Queen of France!
Thou dost not say so?

Devil. [*Aside.*] Humph!
They're credulous still!

Iso. [*Suddenly puts her fingers in her ears.*] No,
no! I'll hear no more.

'Tis treachery!

Devil. No. 'Tis but a just reward
To them who've stolen all your heritage.
Now seize your chance and pay them home again.
Listen. The Prince is here to-night.

Iso. He's here?

Devil. Hush! Not a word of it. He's here in
secret!

Iso. Where? where?

Devil. Within the house, playing my squire.
Hush. [*Whispers to her.*] This is he.

The PRINCE enters from inn door, richly dressed.

ISOBEL shows great admiration.

[*Whispers to PRINCE.*] The Lady Isobel.

[*The PRINCE looks at ISOBEL, is overwhelmed
with her beauty, doffs his cap, and stands
gazing at her. The DEVIL creeps away up
the balcony and leaves them.*

Prince. Lady, I am your true and faithful servant.

Devil. [*In the shade on the balcony.*] And mine!

[*They stand entranced looking at each other.*

CURTAIN.

[*A fortnight passes.*]

ACT II

SCENE. *The Guest-house of Saint Werburg's Abbey, near Canterbury.*

Night. The chief guest-table is raised and a rich red damask canopy overhangs it. Supper is laid on the tables. Before the curtain is raised the Pilgrims are heard singing their vesper hymn without ; the curtain is raised.

Enter from abbey FATHER URBAN, the Prior, a kindly, gentle, old priest ; he comes down stage and opens outer door to Pilgrims, who enter, headed by the EARL OF ROUGEMONT, LADY AVIS, LADY ISOBEL, and SIR GILBERT following. SARAH and DROGO are amongst the Pilgrims. LETTICE and the DEVIL bring up the rear. The DEVIL is whispering in LETTICE'S ear. The hymn ceases when all have entered. One of the abbey attendants speaks to LETTICE, and takes her up the stairs at back. Attendant comes down.

Father Urban. Benedicite, my children. Your lodgings are prepared, and see, your supper waits for

you as soon as evensong is sung. The chapel is yonder.

[*Pointing to chapel door.*

[*The Pilgrims move through to chapel.*

Earl of R. [To FATHER URBAN.] Is there with you some ghostly father of more than common piety and zeal that can shrive me?

Father U. We have here in the abbey one Father Cyprian, who has lately come from Rome and Jerusalem. He is reputed to have great skill with afflicted souls.

[*ISOBEL is eagerly listening.*

Earl of R. Bring me to him after evensong.

Father U. He hath kept his cell fasting these two days, and hath commanded that none disturb him. But I will ask him to give you an audience.

[*Exit EARL OF ROUGEMONT into chapel. All the other Pilgrims have gone in except ISOBEL.*

Iso. [To FATHER URBAN.] My father—— [URBAN turns round as he is going into chapel.] Would this same Father Cyprian give me an audience?

[*The DEVIL is listening and watching.*

Father U. Surely there is no great trouble upon thy young soul.

Iso. [*Hastily.*] No! no! but I need counsel! Oh, I sorely need counsel!

Father U. I'll bring Father Cyprian to thee by-and-by.

[*Exeunt URBAN and ISOBEL into chapel. The PRINCE enters at outer door; stands there dejected, ashamed. The DEVIL is cosily seated in large chair.*

Devil. [*Just raises his head.*] Where have you been all day ?

Prince. Hiding for shame
And fear lest she should see me as I was.

Devil. She ? Who ? Your bride ? The Lady
Avis ?

Prince. Avis ?
She's far too white a flower for me to wear.
No ! Th' other one, my fate, my mate, my love,
My self ! The Lady Isobel ! Where is she ?

[*The DEVIL pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.*

Devil. Praying, in there, for grace to say you "No."
[*The PRINCE going towards chapel-door.*

Prince. Well may she pray, for I shall fiercely
tempt her.

Devil. That's what she fears—and hopes ; and
while she prays
For strength to say you "No," means all the time
To say you "Yes." I know this kind of cattle !

Prince. [*Comes fiercely down to DEVIL.*] Hear me !
I will not wrong her !

Devil. [*Looks at him, smiles.*] No, I wouldn't.

Prince. [*Passionately.*] I love her ! [*The DEVIL grunts.*]

Truly, Heaven doth know !

Devil. [*Drily.*] Indeed !

Prince. I'm sick of all this treachery ! To-morrow
I'll declare myself—make known my name to all.

Devil. So you said yesterday.

Prince. But I will do it.

Devil. To-morrow. Yes, I think I would—to-morrow.

It always was my favourite day—to-morrow.
I'll join you and repent myself—to-morrow.
You shall begin. You'll cut a sorry figure.
How shall you tally all the lies you've told?
What reason give for your unknightly manners
Towards your bride? And will you marry her,
And bid adieu to Lady Isobel?
How shall you cover up your drunken follies
Night after night?

Prince. 'Twas you that tempted me.

Devil. I tempted you?

Prince. Last night you filled my cup.
Plied me till I was sodden, laughing, crying,
Hiccupping, shouting, like a crazy fool.
She did not see me so?

Devil. What if she did? [*The PRINCE flings himself in chair.*]

[*Standing over him.*] Get up, you ninny! Come!
Get up, you fool!

What shall I do with you? I give you up!

Prince. [*Moodily.*] Ay, give me up. I know no
honest way,
Or to retreat or to go on!

Devil. Retreat?
Just as you've won? She's yours. You need but
ask,

And you shall have.

Prince. She loves me. I'll not wrong her!
I'll go no further!

Devil. [*Pointing to the chapel.*] She is there, just there,

If you but show yourself, she will come out.

[*The PRINCE goes up towards chapel, stops resolutely, faces the DEVIL.*

Prince. Ere I will go to her, I will be——

Devil. [*Politely.*] That's

As you may please. [*Pointing to chapel door.*]

She's there ! Just there !

[*The PRINCE goes up to door. The DEVIL smiles and exits at back. The PRINCE draws back from the chapel-door. ISOBEL comes out to him.*

Iso.

'Tis you !

All day I've missed you !

Prince.

I'm not fit to be

In company so dear as yours. Farewell !

Keep free of me ! I would not do you harm !

Farewell ! [*Rushing to outer door. ISOBEL looks at him reproachfully, turns her head to hide her tears ; after another struggle with himself he rushes back to her.*]

I cannot go ! Heaven bear me witness,
However this wild love of ours shall end,
What desperate straits and burning agonies,
Tortures, and lies, and crooked faithlessness,
Mad joys, and mad despairs, lie in its track,
I did desire to shun it, did desire
To spare thee ! [*Looks at her ; then with fierce sudden abandonment.*]

No! I will not spare thee! Hear me!
[*Dropping on his knees at her feet, kissing her hand.*]

If that this kiss I seal upon thy hand
Should bring to thee and me eternal woe,
I would not bate it; I would take my fill.
Say such a spirit moves in thee. Tell me
Thou art my mate.

Iso. You know what harm or grief
Our love should bring to me, I'd bear it freely.
To suffer is the woman's lot, but, oh!
May never the least pain or wrong or ill
Come to thee, dear, from this deep love of mine.

Prince. Nay, thee or me, 'tis all apiece; what each
Doth bear or do or feel, it is the other's.
There's no division 'twixt thy soul and mine;
In present or to come, we are but one.
Sweep from between us every obstacle!
Pass to me now across all boundaries!
Here! Place thy hand in mine. Look full at me.
Say this: "Wherever thou shalt beckon me,
I'll come! Whatever thou dost bid, I'll do!
Whatever thou dost ask, I'll give, be it
My life, my soul! Whate'er thou art, I'll be!
[Where'er thy fate shall trend, my steps lie there,
To sunny isles and never-waning summer,
Deep bays of bliss or heights of unknown joy;
Or over that dark verge precipitous
Where the lost grope and rage, thy path is mine.]"
[*She shrinks back from him, half fascinated,
half frightened.*]

Say it, oh, say it ! Compass me about !
Speak th' immitigable strength of our vast love !
Bolt up our future ! Seal it fast ! Outrun
All joys, all woes, all wisdom, all remorse !
Snatch this one thing from heaven ! Sentence us
To our ne'er-changing doom, ne'er-changing love,
So that the hungry centuries may ne'er,
With all their bite and wrack, once tear thee from me.

Iso. Swear that thou wilt be constant. Bind thyself
To me as I now bind myself to thee.

Give me thy oath.

Prince. A thousand oaths, and one
Close kiss.

Iso. Then take me ! All I am or have,
Or e'er shall have, or be, is yours ! What's more
To say ? All words are naught, and less than naught.
The nightingale ne'er sung it ! All is vain !
The very top of love is ache and silence !

[*He holds her in his arms for some moments ;*
ISOBEL sighs deeply.

Prince. What now ?

Iso. All is so strange ! When shall
we wake ?

Prince. Not yet ! Not yet ! Dream on !

[*They stand entranced in one another's arms.*
The DEVIL creeps in at back, and looks at
them.

Devil. Why, what a store
This precious human herd sets upon love,
As if there were some value in't ; as if
'Twere any rarer sweetmeat than the sugar

That candies over lust.

[*The PRINCE looking at her with passionate ecstasy.*

Prince. Oh, I shall love thee

Through all eternity, until——

Iso. Until ?

Devil. Until to-morrow morning.

[*The PRINCE is bending over ISOBEL. SIR GILBERT enters from chapel, and sees them ; shows jealousy and anger.*

Sir G. [*To PRINCE.*] You fellow, move away !
Give place to me.

Prince. [*With great anger.*] What ?

[*The DEVIL quickly interposes.*

Devil. Hush ! No words ! Remember we are guests.

[*To SIR G.*] I bade him wait upon the lady. Hush !

[*Drawing him away from ISOBEL and PRINCE.*

Sir G. But he is always dangling at her heels !

[*The DEVIL quiets him, and gets him away.*

LETTICE appears, comes from LADY ISOBEL'S room, and comes and stands at top of stairs.

Let. [*To ISOBEL.*] So please you, Lady Isobel, your room

Is ready.

Iso. Wait me there, I'll come. [*LETTICE withdraws into room.*]

[*To the PRINCE.*] Good-night.

[*SIR GILBERT is trying to watch them ; the*

DEVIL *is busy getting in his way, and distracting him.*

Prince. [*Aside to her.*] No, not good-night.

Iso. [*Going upstairs, looking at him fondly.*] Good-night.

Prince. [*Looking up to her.*] I will not say it.

[*Going a step upstairs. Exit ISOBEL into her room. SIR GILBERT shows great anger.*

Devil. [*Soothing him.*] Hush ! take no heed of it !

My eyes are open,

And I can spy a way through him to tame her,

And bring her to your will.

Sir G. Thou canst ? But when ?

Devil. [*Very mysteriously.*] To-morrow. Meantime shut your eyes. To-morrow !

Sir G. But——

Devil. Hush ! To-morrow, man !

[*Finger on lip.*

Now get your supper.

[*The DEVIL gets him seated at supper-table.*

The PRINCE comes towards SIR GILBERT.

Devil. [*Calls the PRINCE away.*] Here, sir ! [*Beckons him.*] This beetlehead is watching you.

Draw you away and be not seen again.

There is a place outside where you may spy

Her window, looking from a little turret

At the south side. Go you and languish there.

Come back when all's asleep. I'll wait you here.

Meantime I'll pack him safe between the sheets.

Prince. [*Going off at outer door.*] What way is this I go ?

[*Exit at outer door. The Pilgrims have been gradually coming from the chapel. The Hospitaller and Cellarer, and other attendants, come in and begin to serve the supper. LETTICE re-enters from ISOBEL'S room, and comes down to Attendant, who gives her a tray. SIR GILBERT has risen, and is creeping off after the PRINCE at outer door ; the DEVIL intercepts him.*

Devil. How now, Sir Gilbert ? Where d'ye go ?

Sir G. To give

Your squire his chastisement.

Devil. [*Turning him right about face.*] Go you to bed,

And sleep as soundly as a top until

The morning. Leave the rest to me.

Sir G. [*Protesting.*] But why——

Devil. No whys or wherefores. Bed's your portion.

Come! [*Walking up to dormitory door.*

Sir G. But——

Devil. Hush ! To-morrow, man ! To-morrow !
Hush !

[*Gets him off. The Pilgrims are now at supper. DROGO is at end of the side-table. SARAH is opposite to him. DROGO is eating a slice of dry bread and drinking cold water with very great discontent, looking round at the other Pilgrims, who are eating heartily of*

meat and rich viands. LETTICE is going up to ISOBEL'S room with tray. The DEVIL meets her.

Devil. About this William Gamel——

Let. [*Startled.*] Yes, sir.

Devil. We'll talk it over—come to me here when your mistress is asleep.

Let. Yes, sir.

Devil. To make all safe, pocket the key of her room, and bring it with you, d'ye hear?

Let. Yes, sir. [*Exit with tray into ISOBEL'S room.*]

Enter from chapel the EARL OF ROUGEMONT and FATHER URBAN.

Father U. Please you to sit at supper, my Lord of Rougemont?

Earl of R. I need none. I eat not one morsel more than suffices to keep this vile body alive. It is my soul that is hungry. Bring me to the Father Cyprian.

Father U. I'll inquire of him if he will see you. Pray you to come this way.

[*Goes up to door. As the EARL OF ROUGEMONT is following him, the DEVIL comes in his way and bows very obsequiously.*]

Earl of R. You, sir, I've not observed you in church?

Devil. Yet I am often there.

Earl of R. Indeed!

[*Exit the EARL OF ROUGEMONT, FATHER URBAN following him.*]

Devil. [*To FATHER URBAN.*] That's a good man !

Father U. He has good intentions.

Devil. Excellent. [*Exit FATHER URBAN after EARL OF ROUGEMONT.*] I'm always meeting folks with good intentions. Strange that anybody should be damned in a world where everybody has such good intentions ! But the government of this planet is my perpetual riddle !

[*DROGO has been sitting at end of lower guest-table, munching a crust of dry bread, looking very sourly round at all the Pilgrims. A meek little Pilgrim is sitting opposite to him, eating very contentedly. DROGO scowls at him. SARAH is sitting a little way up the table eating heartily.*

Drogo. My curse on all pilgrimages and penances !

Sarah. I thought a full-bodied man like you, Drogo, would never do penance ?

Drogo. Full-bodied ! Full-bodied ! Full-bodied !

Sarah. Never mind, lovey ; we shall soon be at Canterbury now.

Drogo. We should have been there ten days ago, but all's gone wrong since that plaguy stranger joined us.

[*The DEVIL is just behind DROGO, whispers into his ear.*

Devil. Look at that munching wife of yours ! How she stuffs and gobbles while her poor husband is starving !

[*Saunters round to SARAH. DROGO scowls at*

SARAH, *then scowls at the meek little Pilgrim.*

Drogo. [*Leaning over the table, savagely to the Pilgrim.*] A plague on all guzzling, swilling knaves!

The Pil. [*In a weak treble voice.*] I hope I am no guzzling, swilling knave. When my appetites grow unruly I strive earnestly to curb them and rein them in.

Devil. [*Has got round to SARAH, whispers in her ear.*] Look at that greedy old gander, your husband! He grudges you every drop and morsel.

[*Saunters back to DROGO. SARAH looks at DROGO ; DROGO scowls at her.*

Sarah. What's the matter, Drogo?

Drogo. You're a very foul eater, Sarah!

Sarah. Turn your head another way, you greedy old gander. [*Eats coarsely.*

Devil. [*Behind DROGO, whispers.*] How could you have married a woman like that, a superior man like you? [*Saunters back to SARAH. DROGO scowls.*

Drogo. I hope there's poison in that stew! What a waste of good victuals!

Sarah. Hold your tongue, you old winebibber! I'm ashamed of you!

Devil. [*Whispering to SARAH.*] How could you have lowered yourself to marry a man like that, a superior woman like you? [*Saunters away.*

Drogo. I'll talk to you by-and-by, Sarah! I'll confabulate with you!

Sarah. I'll poultice you, Drogo ! I'll posset you !
I'll comfort you !

[They have risen, mocking each other and quarrelling. By this time the Pilgrims have risen from the tables, which are cleared by the Attendant Fathers ; some bottles of wine are, however, left. The Pilgrims gather in groups ; the DEVIL is amongst them. The Pilgrims are chattering together.]

The Pil. I only know the anthem that I sung
Last night.

Devil. *[Discontentedly.]* Hum ! Anthems !

2nd Pil. Sing us that again.

[The Pilgrim raises his voice and begins to sing an anthem feebly. The DEVIL fidgets and has a fit of coughing. The Pilgrim gets out of tune and breaks down.]

The Pil. *[Embarrassed.]* It does not seem so tune-
ful as 'tis wont.

Sometimes I sing it—you should hear me then !

I sing it sweetly, everybody weeps,

And says, " Sing it again ! Sing it again ! "

Devil. *[Pushes in amongst them.]* Good folks, I
heard a song some time ago.

I wonder if I could recall the tune——

[Humming an air ; they all crowd round him, clamouring.]

All. Oh, try ! Please, try ! Fair sir, you can but try !

Devil. *[Clears his voice several times.]* I'll do my
best, but you must help me through.

And if you find I'm breaking down, join in,
And bawl your loudest. It's a merry tune ;
You'll catch it like the plague. Make ready all.
[*The DEVIL sings.*]

THE CASTAWAYS.

A song of lost souls on their way to destruction.

Pitapat ! Pitapat ! What legions tramp here ?
Ho ! Hullabaloo ! Ho ! Hullabaloo !
The rackets crew ! The noisy mad crew !
Sing ! Hullabaloo !
Jog-a-jog ! Trot-a-trot ! What stranger rides there ?
Yell ! Hullabaloo !
The white, white horse !
The pale, pale stranger !
How they rush !
How they crush !
" Good sir, there is danger !"
" No ! no ! " " Yes ! yes ! " " Come hither ! " " Come
whither ? "
" Hark, hollo ! Come follow !
Come follow ! Come follow ! Come follow ! "
'Tis a noisy mad crew,
A rackets crew,
A rickety crew,
With their limbs all askew,
Their eyes squint untrue,
Turk, Christian, and Jew,
Their brows sweat the dew
And their cheeks wear the hue

Of the lost ! Of the lost ! Of the lost !
Hark, hollo ! Come follow ! Hark, hollo ! Come
follow !
Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Come tippie and swill !
Ho ! Hullabaloo ! Ho ! Hullabaloo !
Come dance down the hill ! Come roll down the hill !
Sing ! Hullabaloo ! Yell ! Hullabaloo !

The mad, mad crowd !
The red, red stranger !
What a rout !
How they shout !
They laugh at their danger !
They laugh at their danger !
“ Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! ” “ Come hither ! ” “ Yes,
whither ? ”
Hark, hollo ! Come follow !
We follow ! We follow ! We follow ! We follow !
We follow !

[*All the Pilgrims join in the chorus riotously.
At the height of the uproar the solemn tones
of the “ Miserere ” are heard in the chapel.
They all listen awestruck. The DEVIL
shows anger, which grows more furious,
and at last he bursts out to them.*]

Oh, you rickety crew !
You rickety crew !
You crippledy crew !
All your limbs are askew,
And your eyes squint untrue,

Turk, Christian, and Jew,
You're the sport and the spew¹
Of old Jove in the blue ;
Your brows sweat the dew
And your cheeks wear the hue
Of the lost ! Of the lost ! Of the lost !
You were gotten in sin,
And suckled therein ;
'Tis the breath of your kin ;
'Tis the blood of your kin ;
No release shall you win,
Nor find peace within,
For your thoughts are all sin,
And your deeds are all sin,
So grin me the grin
Of the lost ! Of the lost ! Of the lost !
For strive as you will,
You are castaways still,
You are lost ! You are lost ! You are lost !
Your souls are naught worth
But to cumber the earth
With the lost ! With the lost ! With the lost !
You were damned at your birth,
So make mad with the mirth
Of the lost ! Of the lost ! Of the lost !
Come follow ! Hark, hollo !
We follow ! We follow ! We follow ! We follow !
[*They all join gradually in the chorus, and at the*

¹ Revelation, chap. iiii., verse 16.

end the whole scene is one of wild disorder and confusion. The Pilgrims continue singing the chorus, clinking their glasses, shouting ; some of them begin to dance. The DEVIL slinks behind the canopy. In the midst of the wildest uproar FATHER URBAN enters ; at first the rioters do not see him, but as they gradually catch sight of him, the noise subsides and ceases.

Father U. Peace ! Peace, I say ! What riotous scene is this ?

Keep peace ! What ails ye all ? Are ye possessed ?

[The noise gradually grows less.]

Silence, I say ! What spirit of lewd noise

Hath broken loose ? Who led this sinful mirth ?

[They all look round for the DEVIL.]

Are ye not shamed, to enter here, our guests,

And thus defile our hospitality

With foul unholy jests and evil songs ?

How durst ye thus profane this sanctuary ?

Who set afoot this riot ?

[The DEVIL comes out very sedately from behind the canopy.]

Devil.

Holy father,

I grieve to say that I'm the innocent cause

Of all this pother ! They asked me for a song.

I gave them a sweet, simple lullaby,

A gentle trill, that suited with my mood,

But when they grew to insolent revelling

And wild licentiousness I stepped aside.

I had my character to keep.

[*To the Pilgrims reprovingly.*] You sang
That song too loudly. There is moderation
In everything. [*Drawing the meek little Pilgrim aside,
confiding to him.*]

Especially in sin ;

He that sins moderately sins twice as long,
And twice as much, and twice as pleasantly.

[*The little Pilgrim laughs a feeble, wicked little
laugh.*]

Father U. To bed, then, all of you, and find repose.
To bed without more stir, and take good heed
I hear no further riot or disorder.

Devil. I'll keep an eye on them all through the night ;
But they're a stubborn crew, and if you hear
Ungodly practices and revellings
I hope you'll hold me innocent.

[*The Pilgrims are all trooping out.*]

Father U. Take heed
You keep a guard upon yourself.

Devil. I'll try,
Good father ; but it suits me best to keep
A guard on other folks. [*Exit after the Pilgrims.*]

*Enter AVIS from chapel, deeply absorbed in letters which
she is reading.*

Father U. Still sorrowful,
My daughter ?

ISOBEL enters from her room, comes downstairs.

Avis. [*Reading letters.*] Very sorrowful.

Iso. [*Seeing AVIS reading, shows some alarm.*] What tidings

Have been brought thee? Whose letters hast thou there?

Avis. Whose could they be but his?

The PRINCE enters from the outer door. All through the following scene he and ISOBEL listen, and show a growing remorse, which at the end becomes unbearable.

His last dear words,
Writ by his own dear hand! [*Kissing the letters passionately.*]

Was ever knight
So gracious, true, and brave? [*Going to ISOBEL, clasping her.*]

Pray, Isobel!

Pray that he may be yet alive!

[*ISOBEL shows great remorse, just glances at PRINCE, then desperately cries out.*

Iso. God keep
Prince Leon of Auvergne where'er he be!

[*Disengages herself from AVIS; AVIS goes to FATHER URBAN.*]

[*Aside.*] God keep me too! What do I say? My heart

Gives the swift lie to my tongue. These useless prayers!

All's mockery! What is to come will come!

Father U. [*To AVIS.*] Daughter, be comforted.

Avis. [*Shakes her head, puts him aside.*] All the day long

I whisper false hopes to myself, and say,

“He may be yet alive. [*ISOBEL and the PRINCE listen, and show growing disquiet.*]

He may have haply
Breasted the waves and found some restful shore,
Some passing ship has plucked him from the deep,
And he'll return, all glad and hurrying,
To lift me out this pit of grief, and make me
His radiant fast-wed bride.”

Father U. So it may be,
And any day may bring these blessed tidings.

Avis. No, no ! For every day brings other news,
The bodies of his followers cast ashore,
Spars of his vessel, ribbons of his banners.
No, no ! My Prince is dead, and I'm a widow
Ere I have been a wife.

Father U. Be not so sure,
Still hope and pray. Go, get thee to thy rest.

Avis. I cannot rest. When night-time comes, I
toss,
And toss, and toss ; the wind bemoans and wails,
The casement shakes, the minutes crawl, a bell
Dongs out and a dog barks, the long waste night
Ekes out its agony ! I pray for sleep.
At last I fall into a troubled doze,
And I am struggling fiercely with the waves,
Lab'ring to drag my Prince ashore, until,
Battling and baffled, wearied, overwhelmed,

I madly throw him overboard ; his face
Pale and beseeching floats upon the sea,
A dead face on the sea ; no hands, no body,
No head, no substance, only a dead white face
Staring and staring, moving o'er the deep,
Mounting each wave, like a dead moon, that face !
Nothing but that dead face on the wide sea.
I fight, hang over the ship's side, and try
To reach it, call, pray, shriek, and tumble over,
Sink, drown, fight, fight, and wake. And the wind
howls.

Prince. [*Maddened with remorse, aside.*] Oh, I am
false ! A recreant ! A villain !
A traitor to this pure white soul that loves me !
Where can I hide myself ? [*Seeing chapel-door open.*]
God pardon me !

[*Rushes into the chapel. ISOBEL has listened all
through with growing remorse.*]

Iso. [*Aside.*] And I have robbed her of her Prince !
[*FATHER URBAN speaks to AVIS, who has burst
into tears, and is sobbing at his knees.*]

Father U. Daughter,
This is not well. Thy mind is much distempered ;
Come, rise, and be more calm. This is but weakness.
Avis. Does he yet live ? If I but knew ! My father,
Tell me, where is Prince Leon ?

Father U. In His hands
Who holds the ocean as a water-drop,
And bridles all its tempests with His nod ;
Against whose strength the sea's strength is a gnat's,

And less than whisp'ring all its noise and fury ;
Who holds a count of every living thing ;
No tiniest moth escapes His tenderness,
Nor does one little nameless creature-speck
In the wide stretch of sea, or land, or air,
Creep out from infinite sleep to taste of life,
And flicker for a moment in the sun,
And guess the compass of an infinite love,
And then return to infinite sleep again,
Without His sure decree. Thy Prince is in
His keeping. There, rest thou content to leave him,
Avis. Father, I will. I am much comforted.

[FATHER URBAN *blesses her.* *Exit AVIS.* ISO-
BEL *comes impetuously to FATHER URBAN.*

Father U. You also, daughter ?

Iso. I am sore distressed !
Did you not say there is within your walls
A holy man from Carmel, who is skilled
With soul-sick folk ? [FATHER URBAN *looks at her*
anxiously and inquiringly.]

I pray you do not question ;
Send him to me. Pray you, my father, pray you !
[FATHER URBAN *looks at her with grave tender-*
ness.

Father U. He keeps his cell. I'll send him if he'll
come.

[FATHER URBAN *goes out, taking lamp. All*
the candles have gone out, and the hall is dark,
except for the flickering firelight.

Iso. [Alone.] I will not do it ! I'll repent and turn.

[Oh, every signpost that man's hand has raised
To show his wayward kin the road to peace
Urges me backward ; all the voices cry,
" Turn, turn, and find the King's highway again."
And this Dictator here admonishes,
" That road you tread goes down to shame and death.
Turn ! turn ! Seek her whose ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."] Oh, I were mad,
To dally for a moment ! I'll go back !
My woman's honour, whatsoe'er I cherish
Of blameless past, and my soul's house kept pure,
All that I hope of fair white days to come,
All that I dread in that black unknown gulf
That's fixed between my peace and my desires,
Shouts out and warns, and will not be cried down,
" Turn, turn ! the finger pauses on the dial ;
Thy doom hath not yet struck ; 'tis life to turn,
And death to hold thy course. Choose, choose, and
turn ! "

I'll hearken ! I'll have done with lies ! Avis !
Thy Prince doth live, and I'll restore him to thee.

[*Running up to door.*]

Avis, thy Prince doth live !

[*She meets the DEVIL, who enters as a white
friar, in robes of stainless white, cowl'd.*
ISOBEL looks at him ; a long pause. *The
DEVIL keeps his cowl on.*

Devil.

You sent for me.

Iso. Who art thou ? Father Cyprian ?

Devil.

The same.

Iso. [*Kneeling to him.*] My father, help me, counsel me. I am
Most sorely troubled and perplexed.

Devil. With love.

Iso. [*Surprised.*] Thou know'st?

Devil. Vast knowledge is vouchsafed to me.

Go on.

Iso. [*After a pause.*] I know not how to tell my tale.

Devil. Thou hast no need. I know it well, already.

Iso. [*Surprised, alarmed.*] What dost thou know?

Devil. All that enfolded lies

Within the secretest crannies of thy soul,

More than thou durst when thou art most alone

Whisper to thy own heart. So much I know.

Iso. Thou know'st——

Devil. Thy thought this moment. Even so.
Thou art disquieted because thy love
Seems to make war upon thy faith and duty.

Iso. Seems?

Devil. Ay, only seems. Love comes from
Heav'n. Therefore

It must be good. And whatsoever wars

Against thy love must needs be evil. Therefore,

Thy love is thy first duty, and thy duty

Must bend to serve thy love.

Iso. [*Much pleased.*] Oh, if it were so!

Devil. Nay, but it is.

Iso. Then I may go on loving?

Devil. Thou must. Thou canst not choose. Let
thy heart hearken

How sweet thy life hath been since love hath come,
How full of savour and delight and purpose.
Can that which quickens all the sad dead earth,
Which tunes the blackbird's song and gilds his beak,
Which brings the dear fulfilment of its being
To every living thing, can this be evil?
No, be thou sure it is heaven-sent, heaven-blest.

Iso. These are sweet words.

Devil. Cling therefore to thy love.
It comes but once in all thy long life's journey,
But once, no more. It is thy chiefest good.
Miss it, there's nothing left beneath the sun,
All else is dross and shadow, dust and ashes.

Iso. Oh, I'll not miss it. Thou hast given me
Great comfort. My own heart led me that way.

Devil. [*Aside.*] These women! How they listen to
their hearts!

[*Aloud, going.*] Is there aught else that thou wouldst
know of me?

Iso. [*With great hesitation.*] Couldst thou—since
thou hast knowledge so profound—
Show me a little way into the future?

Devil. If it will minister to thy soul's good
I could lift up a corner of the veil.

Iso. Tell me—read now my thoughts—shall this
befall
That I desire?

Devil. Darkly I seem to see

Some great imperial fate and wide renown
Moving across thy sphere.

Iso. [*Elated.*] Ah! Is it so!

Devil. What 'tis, I know not.

Iso. [*Impetuously.*] Tell me, shall I reach it?

Devil. There is a way—why, sure I do not err,
Some way that thou must pass to-night.

Iso. [*Breathlessly.*] To-night?

Devil. Know'st thou of such a way that by good
hap

Would lead thee where thou fain wouldst be?

Iso. I do.

Devil. Then take it quickly.

Iso. If 'twere through sin!

Devil. Sin?

Iso. [*Nods.*] What then?

Devil. Then thou must reckon up the cost,
And strike the balance. Do a little wrong
If some great good may follow. [Nay, that sin,
Which should be deadly by itself, is harmless,
When a rich crop of blessings springs from it.]
Say that this sin should give thee honour, rank,
Power, opportunity to do much good,
And riches to endow the Holy Church—
How easily were such a sin atoned!
How readily the Church would pardon it!

Iso. But this sin—dost thou know it?

Devil. To the pure,
All things are pure. Besides, 'twould ne'er be known.

Iso. What dost thou say?

Devil. That's scarce a sin at all
That never comes to light. The worst of sin
Is that it sets a bad example. When
It's strictly covered up and nothing known,
There's not much harm in it. [*ISOBEL looks up
surprised.*]

Not so much harm ;
Of course, 'tis wicked. Still not very wicked.
There are degrees. Trust me, dear maid, in this.
I would not lead you wrong. And when some day,
[*Putting his hand affectionately above her head.*]
This head lifts itself high above all heads
And wears a diadem—— [*ISOBEL shows great pride.*]
You'll thank me then

For this good counsel that I gave to-night.

Iso. [*Swelling with pride.*] My father ?

Devil.

Well ?

Iso.

I'll ask thee one thing more.

Oh, 'tis the corner-stone of all the rest !

If this is not, all else is barrenness.

Will he keep faith with me until the end ?

Devil. Until the very end, till thy last breath,
What time and wheresoe'er thou draw it, this
man

Shall cleave to thee.

Iso.

Then all my days are locked
In a jewell'd future with a golden key,
And every moment of my glad to-come
Blazes in ropes of pearls and diamonds,
On my triumphant way. Thank thee, my father,

Thank thee, and thank thee yet again ! My heart's
Too full. Good-night !

*[Exit with great pride and animation. The cowl
drops from the DEVIL. He stands watching
her.]*

*Devil. [Looking down at his dress.] [Here is a useful
dress.]*

Of all the shapes I take I like this best,
For I can mouth and twist the Holy Writ,
As well as any father of the Church.
How is it such a stock of righteous maxims
Slip from my tongue, melt on my lips like oil,
To grease the slides of sin ? Here comes the Prior
To lock me safely in.]

*[Coils himself in a large armchair whose back is
towards audience.]*

*Enter FATHER URBAN with keys and lamp, followed
by the Cellarer.*

Father U. [Looking round.] She's gone to rest.
Poor child, she seemed in great perplexity.
I hope that she is comforted. *[Locking the outer doors.]*
*The Cellarer. [At guest-table, taking up bottles, yawn-
ing.]* Our guests
Were riotous, but see, *[Holding up the bottle.]*
They spared our best.

Father U. Leave all till morning. 'Twill be safe till
then. *[Exeunt FATHER URBAN and Cellarer.]*
*[The DEVIL appears as they go out ; now he is
in the soldier's dress.]*

Devil. It's time my other dickybird was here.
I hope she won't be long. My time is precious.
I wish my clients wouldn't waste it so,
They are so inconsiderate. And at night,
When I'm so busy. Here she comes.

LETTICE enters very frightened from ISOBEL'S room.

Let. Oh, sir, I've come!

Devil. Good wench!

Let. My mistress is fast asleep.

Devil. Good wench!

Let. And here's the key of her room.

[*Producing key.*]

Devil. Good wench!

Let. She's safe locked in.

Devil. Good wench! [*Placing the key on table.*]

Now concerning this same William Gamel——

Let. [*Bursts out weeping.*] Oh, sir, it's more than
three months since he left me.

Devil. [*Sympathisingly.*] Ah!

Let. And he promised to come back in a week.

Devil. [*Sympathisingly.*] Ah!

Let. And I've not heard one word of him since.

Devil. I never met a sadder case.

Let. And such a sweet-spoken young man, too.

Devil. Ah! These sweet-spoken young men. How
is it they never keep their promises? Dear! dear!
dear! Well! well! well! Oh, these sweet-spoken
young men! Well, we must try and charm the rascal
back. You remember the oak-tree I showed you as
we came by?

Let. Yes, sir.

Devil. Go there ; walk twelve times round it, saying the charm I taught you. Can you say the charm ?

Let. [*Facing to the four quarters of the compass and then going round the DEVIL.*]

“ East, west, north, south, wherever you may be,
Turn back, false heart, turn and come to me,
Turn and come again.”

Devil. Good wench ! And whistle ! Don't forget to whistle.

When false young men leave trusting maids, whistling's
The only lure to call them back. Now go. [*Gets her
off at outer door. Alone, watching her.*]

It's shameful ! On my soul, if I possessed one,
Women are badly used. [*It's a hard fate
To be a woman. They are all born fools,
Weak, trusting, doting fools ! That they should listen
To me is natural, and I'll forgive them,
For I've some tempting baits. But that they listen
To man, mere man, the greasy animal,
Is folly past belief ! And yet they do.*] [*Listening at
door.*]

Ah ! Are you coming ?

The PRINCE enters from chapel, quiet, self-contained.

So you've been at prayers ?

Prince. Good-night.

[*Cold, curt, contemptuous. Goes up to door at back.*]

Devil. What ! Off to roost so soon ? Good-night.
[*Watching him up ; the PRINCE is about to
make exit.*]

Guess who has been with me just now?

Prince. [*Arrested.*] Well? Who?

Devil. Did you not hear her talking to me?

Prince. [*Comes down.*] Whom?

Not Isobel?

Devil. No. [*The PRINCE turns back.*]

She's [*coughs*] asleep. Her maid.

[*The PRINCE again turns, comes down to the*
DEVIL.

Prince. [*After a struggle again turning away.*] Well,
what of that? What's that to me?

Devil. [*Goes to outer door.*] Why, nothing.

The maid's out here. [*Locks the door, comes to table.*]

The mistress is alone. [*The*
PRINCE again comes down to DEVIL, looks at
him. The DEVIL, taking no heed of PRINCE,
carelessly pours out the wine, drinks, watched by
the PRINCE.]

[*Offering cup.*] Taste that. I know their vintage
here.

Prince. [*Again turns away.*] Not I.

Good-night. [*Going off.*]

Devil. Good-night. Did you find out her window?

Prince. [*Coming back, fiercely.*] And if I did, 'twas
but to swear and swear,

By all the knighthood in me, I'd ne'er wrong her.

Devil. [*Looks at him.*] Indeed! [*Drinks.*] Taste that.
[*Offering cup.*]

Prince. [*Pushing it aside.*] Hear me! I've taken
counsel

With my heart. I'm fixed. Oh, I despise myself,
That ever I did listen to thee. Good-night. [*Going.*

Devil. [*Aside.*] Now we have got a virtuous fit.

[*Goes to him.*]

I'm glad

You are resolved to be so virtuous.

I like you for it. Just as you had won her!

You're right. Put her aside. Sit down and drink.

[*Sits down, takes up the key and plays with it.*

Prince. Why dost thou goad me so? What key is that?

Devil. [*Carelessly.*] What's that to do with you?

Prince. What key is that?

Devil. Her maid left it with me to keep. She locked

Her mistress in her room while she went out. [*Flings key on the table. The PRINCE looks at it, is about to take it. The DEVIL seizes it again.*

The PRINCE tries to get it.]

[*Keeping key.*] Sit down, you fool! Be virtuous!

Sit down,

And drink with me, and talk philosophy. [*The DEVIL flings the key again on table. The PRINCE sits down in ill-will, eyeing the key.*]

Taste that! These holy fathers know good wine.

[*Offering cup. The PRINCE takes it, drinks deeply.*]

Now let us talk philosophy. Heigho! [*Yawns.*]

I hope that silly maid will soon be back.

I promised her I'd wait, and let her in.

I'm tired. Come, help yourself to wine. Don't spare. [*The PRINCE pours out, drinks deeply.*]

What were we talking? Oh, philosophy! [*Yawning, beginning to talk disjointedly as if falling asleep, and slightly in liquor. The PRINCE sits watching him, and watching the key.*]

How is it women's souls are so dirt-cheap?

That's rare good wine and potent too! What's this? [*Rubbing his eyes, pretending to rouse himself.*]

Come, come! I can't be drunk. I'm much too seasoned;

I'm sleepy though! Some more philosophy!

How is it virtue is so badly paid?

Oh, I forgot! You're virtuous! At least

Just now. What ails you? You're not drinking. [*The PRINCE pours out and drinks deeply.*]

Lend me a hand! I'll go to bed. Good-night. [*The DEVIL rises a little in his chair, drops down in it again as if heavy with sleep. The PRINCE watches him keenly.*]

[*Maundering.*] Wine—women—virtue—bed—philosophy;

All useful things, but seldom found together.

Plague on that wine! [*Drops off, snores.*]

[*The PRINCE gets up on tiptoe, stands over him. The DEVIL breathes heavily. The PRINCE takes up the key and creeps swiftly off on tiptoe up stage, going to ISOBEL'S door. As he is going off the outer door is tapped. The DEVIL opens his eyes, looks alternately at the*

retreating PRINCE, and at the outer door where LETTICE is tapping, winks alternately at each. The PRINCE unlocks ISOBEL'S door.

Let. [Without.] Good sir, please let me in.

Good sir!

[The DEVIL, seated comfortably, looks from one to the other. The PRINCE enters ISOBEL'S room and shuts door. LETTICE knocks.

Devil. And then they blame me!

CURTAIN.

[A night passes.]

ACT III

SCENE. *A luxuriant glade outside the Abbey Walls.
A large gaunt withered trunk, with dead gnarled
branches, in middle of stage. The abbey walls in
the distance. Early morning.*

Enter PRINCE LEON.

Prince. She's wine, enrapturing wine! I am a cup
Brimming with richer vintage than did e'er
An earthly summer bear to earthly sun.
Drenched and surcharged I am, yet ache and thirst
For draughts diviner and more secret still,
Th' ayatar, nay, the very lees and dregs
Of very love itself! She should be here!
The fainting air pants and is sick for her
As I am! Isobel! When will she come?
Oh, she is life itself! Now may I boast
"I live!" Dead was I till her kindling lips
Drew me from earth-cold clay and made me man.
Thou art creative, Isobel, like God,
Thy breath doth quicken like His word! She's here.

Enter ISOBEL, *as if in great shame, her head bowed,
her face covered with her hands; she goes to him,*

hides her head in his breast. Some moments' silence; he passes his hand very caressingly over her head.

Prince. [*Very softly.*] Speak to me! Look at me!

Iso. [*Same soft tone, almost a whisper.*] How shall I dare

Ever to look upon thy face again? [*He tries to take her hands from her face; she resists.*]

No! no! First tell me——

Prince. Tell thee what?

Iso. [*With great shame.*] That I——

Am not less dear—less sacred—than I was.

Prince. A thousand times more dear, ten thousand times

More sacred!

Iso. [*With great entreaty, half despair.*] Say thou'lt never hold me cheap!

Prince. Thou rarest of rare jewels, thy price was such

That my most utmost worth could never buy thee!

Therefore, in mercy sweet and dear compassion

Of my great need, thou lovely prodigal,

Didst give me all thyself!

Iso. [*Clinging to him, frightened, ashamed.*] Oh, never say it!

If but the wind should hear, the shame would kill me!

Thou'rt sure there's nothing guessed?

Prince. Why, who could guess?

Iso. [I know not. Thou'lt ne'er whisper?

Prince. Am I a dog that I should do this thing?
Be sure no breath of it shall e'er be known.

Iso. What do you think of me? I know you'll say
Some pretty speech; but in your heart of hearts——
Speak truth! You pity me, perhaps despise me?

Prince. Now 'tis yourself that holds yourself so
cheap.

Iso. Oh, I am nothing worth except to thee!
Thou know'st how poor I am. I stand before thee
Beggared! I've given thee all.

Prince. And dowered me
With an immeasurable sway, empires
And oceans of thy love, and the proud realm
Of all thy boundless universal self.]

Iso. You'll ne'er reproach me?

Prince. Could I be so base?

Iso. If you should ever cast one word against me,
One single word of blame, or seem to hint
That I was won too soon, or by a look
Or glance, or whisper, signify that I
Am less in your esteem henceforth for this
Than the most honoured, virtuous, proudest dame
That walks this earth, 'twould madden me, and I
Should leap to some unknown and desperate act.

Prince. What can I say to comfort thee? What
ails thee?

Iso. [*Bursting into tears.*] Thou knowest not what
these last hours have been,
The agony of shame and fear and guilt
That I've endured.

Prince. [*Gathering her to him, sheltering her.*] Hide
all within my breast. [*Comforting her.*]
Come, let me wrap thee in my love. Close! Close!
[*Folding her tenderly in his mantle.*]
Now thou art happy.

Iso. Oh, most happy, if I
Have made thee happy! There lies all my joy.
I'm nothing in myself, but all in thee!

Prince. Give me some yet more dear abandonment
Of all thy gracious self.

Iso. What can I give thee?
Oh, if I had a thousand selves, each one
A perfect woman, yet each one more fair
Than all the rest, that I might throw them down
Like rags beneath thy feet, my conqueror!
What wouldst thou more of me than all?

Prince. No more.
Thou art enough. This kiss is all enough.
Holiest is sweetest and most satisfying.

Devil. [*Through the leaves behind.*] Here is a holy
relish after sin!

Iso. [*Entreatingly.*] Our love is sacred, is it not?

Prince. Indeed
It is, most sacred.

Iso. [*Very anxiously.*] Holy Church shall bless it?

Prince. Yes, yes.

Iso. [*Very anxiously.*] Nay, promise me! Thou'lt
not forsake me.

Prince. If I forsake thee, may I be forsaken!
Oh, Isobel, I'm thine!

What heaven, or earth, or hell, shall bind or loose,
Or join or put asunder, shake or fix,
This shall it never do, part thee from me,
Ravish us of this immortal moment,
Shut out my soul from access to thy soul,
Eternal yoke-fellow, eternal bride,
Desired companion, sister wayfarer,
Sojourner with me, and beloved partaker
Of whatsoever strange vicissitudes
Life, death, and that great dark unknown beyond
May hold in storage for us twain to endure.

Iso. Wilt thou for ever love me so?

Prince.

For ever

And for ever !

[They are going off together.]

Iso. *[Looking up into his face murmurs.]* For ever
and for ever.

*[He bends over her ; they go off entranced with
each other.]*

Devil. *[Coming out of the tree, looking after them.]*

For ever and for ever !

What is this human love, this silly joy,
This foolish strange delight each has in each?
It needs must have some sweetness of its own.
If I could taste it! If I could but taste it!
Oh, if I could for one short passing hour
Avoid this withered mockery, this mask
Of painted dust, and wrap myself within
The bosom of humanity, take on me
Flesh's soft robe and veins of tingling blood,
The sluice of tears, the sting and pant of life,

Labour and hunger, sweat and sleep, hopes, fears,
Joys, sorrows, all their great Deliverer
Took on Him when He came to overthrow
My kingdom in this world of mine. If I
Could taste this love ! If it were possible !
Vain ! Vain ! Shut out ! The everlasting clang
Of Heaven's indomitable gates yet sounds
Behind me, and along the bottomless
Abyss rings my unchanging doom—shut out !
Shut out ! shut out ! [*Pause.*]

[*Looks after them.*] I cannot love like ye !
But I can hate, and I will hate, until
My hate hath struck your love to its very roots,
Riven it, blasted it, shrivelled all its blossoms,
Scattered them down the whirlwinds of my wrath !
[*Pause.*]

For ever and for ever, did ye say ?
Ye fools ! This hour I'll turn your love to gall,
Poison your thoughts, make lunatic your bloods,
That now do dance with marriageable drops,
Till they shall burn with anger, fury, hate,
Blind jealousy and murder, each 'gainst each. [*Looking towards monastery.*]
Here comes one of my shuttlecocks !

Enter SIR GILBERT. The DEVIL looks him up and down, and then bursts into a loud fit of brutal, contemptuous laughter.

Sir Gil. [*Nonplussed.*] I see no jest. [*The DEVIL sits, arms akimbo, and laughs jeeringly at him.*]

Well? Well?

Devil. Well, dogstail?

Sir Gil. Dogstail?

Devil. You are in a base position, all behind.

Sir Gil. Behind?

Devil. Ay, behind my dog, for he has been before you. Behind the sport, for it's all done. Behind the market, for the trinket is sold!

Sir Gil. How so?

Devil. She has given you the go-by. She has played you false with my stripling.

Sir Gil. When?

Devil. Last night. You snored and he stole the lady. Now do you see the jest?

[*Laughing brutally at him.*]

Sir Gil. How do you come to know?

Devil. They were here sugaring each other with love-treacle and blabbed out the whole matter. I chanced to overhear.

Sir Gil. What can I do?

Devil. [*Laughing at him.*] Go back to bed and snore.

Sir Gil. The jade! I'll—the minion—the cursed jade!

Devil. Use some stronger language! Come, some good round oaths, saving my presence. Now curse away!

Sir Gil. Damn them!

Devil. Is that all? No more?

Sir Gil. If I could kill her!

Devil. [*Encouragingly.*] Well—well—

Sir Gil. Or him, or both together.

Devil. [*Encouragingly.*] Well—well—

Sir Gil. Curse them!

Devil. [*Annoyed.*] Oh, now we're back at mere cursing! Hearken! Mankind have two most foolish, fruitless habits, cursing and praying. Both are mere wind. Now to action! Why, you poor gudgeon, why, you poor soft-roë, do you stay wriggling and wriggling on her hook for me to laugh at?

Sir Gil. I'll do something!

Devil. Ay, but what? 'Tis impossible you should win her to your pleasure now. Then why do you let her despise you?

Sir Gil. She shall not despise me! What shall I do to show her she shall not despise me?

Devil. [*With great intensity of suggestion.*] Tell her that my gentleman is boasting of her favours. [*SIR GILBERT shows pleasure.*] Tell her that his tongue is so loose that all our company know of this, —and that, and—the other!

Sir Gil. This is good. I like this.

Devil. Tell her that we are making merry over her to lighten our way to Canterbury. Tell her that all our blackguards and serving wenches are laughing because she hath suffered the common, everyday, feminine misfortune.

Sir Gil. This will be a rare sweet revenge.

Devil. Most sweet. About it quick!

Sir Gil. I will. Where is she?

Devil. [*Looking off in the direction the PRINCE and ISOBEL have gone.*] She went that way with him. [*Looking off.*] He hath left her. Look! She is yonder—alone!

Sir Gil. I'll teach her to despise me! [*Going off.*

Devil. Treat her tenderly. She is but a woman! [*Exit SIR GILBERT swiftly. Watching him.*] Will this not drive her to madness, and will she not then be well strung for me to play my tune on? I'm thriving here! My main business is done! This marriage between the Prince and the Lady Avis hath vanished clean into limbo! And when that is known, how these kings will fly at each other's throats and drown their lands in war! These kings! These kings! How shall I breed my choicest mischief when kings go out of fashion? I must instruct republics and democracies. [*Looking off, shows great satisfaction.*] Ah! Do you swallow the bait? Have we hooked you? Does the barb stick? Does it rankle?

SIR GILBERT *enters eagerly.*

Sir Gil. I've schooled her! I've humbled her! I've taught my proud madam to despise me. Why, this is better sport than hawking. You should have seen her when I laughed at her. She made as though she would kill me! Now I'll go and tell my grooms, and set them on to jibe her too.

Devil. No, no.

Sir Gil. Yes, yes.

Devil. No, no, that would be unkind !

Sir Gil. 'Tis no matter. I'll do it !

Devil. Oh, be gentle, be gentle with her, for though she does despise you——

Sir Gil. Despise me ? Hearkee, leave me alone. Despise me ! I'll not be despised ! [*Exit eagerly.*]

Devil. [*Looks after him.*] Hum ! Great Heaven, didst thou make these mannikins for thy own jest, or for mine ?

Enter ISOBEL, haggard, pale, dazed ; she comes up to the DEVIL, as if seeking to read something in his face ; he shows immense sympathy, heaves a deep sigh—turns away.

Iso. [*Hard, cold, tearless voice.*] Why dost thou look at me and sigh ?

Devil. Did I ?

Did I sigh ? Ah ! [*Sighs deeply.*]

Iso. Why dost thou look at me ? [*The DEVIL says nothing ; looks at her with great sympathy, sighs deeply, and then turns and gathers some flowers.*]

Wilt thou not tell me ?

Devil. [*Holding up the flowers above his head, drawing them across his nostrils, watching her from behind them.*] Tell thee ? Tell thee what ?

Iso. What thou hast heard of me.

Devil. What I have heard !

I hear the blab of men from morn till night ;
One half they say is lies ; the other, scandal ;
Whether 'tis true or no, I've ceased to care.

Look at these flowers. How sweet !

Iso. Art thou my friend ?

Thou saidst thou wast.

Devil. Why ask ? Thou knowest I am.

Iso. Then answer me ; on thy most steadfast oath,
Hath any whisper of my name been made
Within thy hearing ?

Devil. No—that is—no—lady ;
I pray you do not ask me. I would rather
Keep out of this affair.

Iso. Of what affair ?

Devil. [*Feigning great embarrassment.*] It is not
right of you to drive me thus
Into a corner. Let me go my way.
If there is any slander in the air,
Or lies, or calumny, or double-dealing,
At least let me keep out of it.

Iso. Face me,
And tell me plainly what folks say of me.

Devil. Folks say—folks say—what matters what
they say ?

If they say evil, take no heed of it.
Treat them as I do when they slander me,
Let their tongues wag and pity them.

Iso. Nay, I'll know ! [*Very piteously.*]
Oh, pity me ! There is a lying tale
Gnawing at my fair name and honour. Yes
Or no ?

Devil. [*Very quickly and positively.*] No.

Iso. No ?

Devil. [*Much less positively.*] No—o. [*She looks full in his face ; he turns away.*]

Have I not said No ?

Iso. And lied !

Devil. [*Very sweetly and tenderly.*] It was to spare you pain. Beside,

The Prince, like you, is a dear friend of mine.

Iso. The Prince ! Then 'tis the Prince ! What hath he said ?

Devil. Nothing.

Iso. He would not. For his life he durst not ! I'll not believe it ; no, I'll not believe it.

Devil. You're right. Distrust whate'er you've heard, and keep

Your faith in him.

Iso. He cannot be so base.

Devil. That's what I say—that's what I often say, Men cannot be so base—and yet—they are.

And if the Prince—but no, it cannot be—Forget it ; spare yourself. Why should you face The jeers and flouts of all our company ?

Iso. Then they do jeer and flout at me ?

Devil. No, no.

Indeed, I cannot think he hath betrayed you, And to such dogs as these. Oh, it is monstrous. He may—he may have boasted of your favours——

Iso. Boasted !

Devil. Ay, carelessly ! How he hath won you ; But to reveal you to these common ears——

Iso. [*Furious.*] Ay ! ay !

Devil. To speak of ravishing hidden joys,
The delicate endearments of your love,
The moments veiled and hushed, the secret kiss,
To brag of these——

Iso. Ay, ay.

Devil. Why, if he hath,
What then ?

Iso. What then ? Where is he ? I will kill him !
Nay, I'll kill all of them that dared to listen.

Devil. Be calm ! Be calm ! Hope for the best. I
trust
Your honour is not lost.

Iso. No, 'tis not lost,
'Tis in his keeping. He shall restore it !
So he hath sworn, and he shall keep his word.
Yes, he shall keep his word, or—I'll do something.
Where be these underlings that dare to flout me !
Where be these dogs ! *[Exit furiously.]*

Devil. *[Watching her off.]* From heavenliest love
to deadliest hate is just—*[Measuring the distance with his fingers just in front of his nose.]*
Just half an inch.

[An impish Child runs on. The DEVIL shoots his forefingers above his cap so that they appear like horns, bows and scrapes to the Child with great good-fellowship. The Child responds and bows and scrapes to him.]

My chuck ! My pretty chuck !
My pretty, pretty chuck !

[Making deep reverential bow.]

Child. [*Same attitude.*] Good day, good sir.

Devil. Good daddy, you should say. I know my own !

Child. I have one daddy now. If I have you, I shall have two.

Devil. My pretty rogue, you'll need
A spiritual father by-and-by
To tuck your nose into the honeypot.

Child. I shall like that.

Devil. You will.

Child. Is it so sweet ?

Devil. Ay, very sweet. You shall smear fingers,
nose,

Cheeks, mouth, bib, tucker, all.

Child. Then you shall be
My spiritual father by-and-by. [*A laugh heard off.*
*The Child looks off, shows great glee, clapping
his hands.*]

They're laughing at the Lady Isobel.

Look ! Look !

Devil. How doth she seem to relish it ?

Child. Oh, she is growing mad. She's run away.
They're running after her. What hath she done ?

Devil. Dipped into that same honeypot. This is
The after-taste.

Child. And I shall dip there too—
Smear fingers, nose, cheeks, mouth, bib, tucker, all ?

Devil. Yes, fizgig, that you shall.

Child. What sport ! Oh, look,
Here comes her maid a-crying.]

Enter LETTICE, sobbing, looking off.

[*Makes a mouth at LETTICE.*] Boo ! boo ! boo !

Daddy, good-bye !

[*Kisses his hand to the DEVIL, makes him a deep bow, and runs off.*

Devil. Good-bye, my pretty chuck.

[*Bows to the Child, turns to LETTICE.*

Lettice. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, sir ! Oh, sir !

Devil. Oh, sir ! Oh, sir ! What now ?

Lettice. They're laughing at my lady.

[*A burst of scoffing laughter heard off; LETTICE shudders.*

Devil. [*Unconcernedly, looking off.*] So they are.

It seems her pranks are known and [*Turning suddenly on LETTICE.*] you're afraid

That by-and-by they'll laugh at you.

Lettice. [*Sobbing.*] Yes, sir.

Devil. [*Drily.*] Ah ! So they will.

Lettice. Oh, I shall kill myself !

Devil. Not you ; not you ! Hearkee, you little wretch,

You're in a pretty pickle. Whistling, it seems,
Is thrown away on William Gamel. Therefore——

Lettice. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, sir——

Devil. Since you must face the worst, make light
Of it. When folks begin to laugh at you,
Laugh back at them.

Lettice. Oh, sir, I couldn't !

Devil. Nonsense !

You can. Come, try a little laugh. [*Grins at her.*

Lettice.

I cannot.

Devil. I say you can. Brazen it out. Be bold.
Fly away shame and romp a roaring life !
Come, come, you merry piece of mischief. Laugh !
Laugh at what's done and can't be undone ! Laugh !

[She laughs a little hysteric laugh, and he encourages her by laughing with her ; she grows more hysteric.]

That's right. I like to see you happy ! Laugh !

[She laughs again.]

A jolly, bouncing sinner you shall be,
I promise you. *[They laugh in chorus.]*

The PRINCE enters behind them.

[Without looking round.] Ah ! You are there ! Then
listen

To this. *[To LETTICE.]* Alas !—the Lady Isobel
'Tis very sad that she should play these pranks,
And gull so many men. The baggage ! Oh,
The baggage ! Well ! well ! well ! Say nought about it.
Hush ! hush ! *[Laughing.]* You mustn't laugh at her.
Fie ! Fie !

Lettice. I can't help laughing, sir, now I've begun.

Devil. Well, 'tis a jest, and I must laugh myself.
And so she's fooled my squire amongst the rest.
Ho ! ho ! Ha ! ha !

Lettice. Ho ! ho ! Ha ! ha !

Devil. Ho ! ho !

Lettice. Ho ! ho ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[Goes into a fit of laughter. The DEVIL laughs

her off, then turns to PRINCE, stops suddenly, feigns surprise.

Devil. [*Feigning embarrassment.*] You heard?

Prince. You spoke of Isobel.

Devil. Not I.

Prince. You did.

Devil. Not I.

Prince. [*Fiercely.*] I say you did!

Devil. Well then, I did.

Prince. Whom hath she gulled, and what pranks hath she played?

Devil. It isn't fair to tell against a woman.

You've had your frolic; now be wise. Forget her.

Prince. Tell me what thou didst say of her.

Devil. She is

An honourable, virtuous, high-born

Maiden. That's all I said of her. Do you

Say otherwise?

Prince. Take heed thou jest no further.

Dost hear?

Devil. I hear. I have some news for you.

[*The PRINCE is going.*]

The King of France, thinking you safely drowned—

[*The PRINCE stops.*]

And dead—and glorified—

Prince. He thinks me dead?

Devil. Well, aren't you? [If you are not dead, where are you?

Why have you not kept faith with your betrothed?

Why have you dared to disobey your king?

Well, you being with the saints, there's nought remains
Of interest to us surviving friends
Save this—what hath he left behind, poor soul,
And who is his heir?

Prince. My heir?

Devil. Your cousin Geoffrey
Claims your estate, your goods, all your possessions
And appurtenances.

Prince. How know you this?

Devil. A herald hath arrived this morn from
France.

Prince. From France?

Devil. [*Nods.*] He's closeted with Lady Avis,
And now they're howling over your demise.] [*The*
PRINCE paces about in great perplexity, the
DEVIL jeers.]

My dear young friend, you're in a plaguy mess.
You have behaved abominably. What's worse,
You're like to be found out. What's worse again,
You're like to meet with punishment.

Prince. How so?

Devil. When English Edward finds you have de-
spised
His favourite god-daughter, and slighted her
For Isobel, the daughter of his foe,
Broken your knightly word, refused the marriage
Which he and France had solemnly decreed,
I fear the world will not wag gaily with you.

Prince. [*Turning furiously on him.*] 'Twas you that
led me into this.

Devil. I led you ?

Prince. Ay, thou ! False guide ! False friend !
Insidious rogue !

Devil. Heyday ! Heyday !

Prince. [*Enraged, going to him furiously. The
DEVIL remains still, with a mocking smile.*]

Why hast thou fastened round me,
Hung on me, played on me, spied me, and dodged me,
Raked out my heart, filched its recessèd secrets ?
Who art thou ? As I look I seem to see
Under that smile some carrion-mauling vulture,
Or stealthy jackal smelling after evil
In my infested blood. What is it makes me
So weak, that hating thee as I do hate thee,
With all my being's bent and force, I yet
Allow thy presence, listen to thy counsel,
Suck in the rancour of thy venomous breath,
And all against my will do traffic with thee !
I'll end it ! Leave me ! By heaven, I'll end it !
Away with thee ! Begone from me !

[*Fiercely, quite close to the DEVIL, who stands
still, smiling.*]

Devil. I'm going. [*Going.*]

I wish you joy of Lady Isobel.

Prince. Yes, yes, I will have joy of her. That word
Restores me to myself. Perish my name,
My hopes, my pride, all that I was and had ;
Let me be dead. I live alone to her ;
There is no other chance, no other grace,
Wisdom or glory, prize of love or war,

Ambition high, or coveted renown,
Save this, that she is mine, mine, mine !

Devil. [*Pauses, looks at him contemptuously.*] You fool !

She's yours, yours, yours—why, yes, I know she's yours,

But whose she has been, I don't know. And whose
She will or won't be—that—well, that—God knows.

[*Going.*

Prince. Stay, thou detested liar, make thy words good,
Prove what thou say'st.

Devil. I had it from her maid,
The simplest wench. You heard her laughing with me.
She told me all her lady's tricks, and how
She cunningly hath known you all the while
To be the prince, and cunningly hath laid
Her plans to trap you, and supplant her cousin Avis !

Prince. 'Tis false ! Thou liest ! I say 'tis lies,
'Tis hellish lies—[*Pausing*—or yet more hellish
truth ;

'Tis lies ! Prove it, I say.

Devil. Prove it yourself.
Here comes the lady. Take her without her guard !
Ask her this one plain question, if she knows
That you are Leon of Auvergne. Ask her,
And God be with you for a simple fool !
You are the greenest greenhorn I have met !
Ask her. [*With great contempt.*] You fool ! you
fool ! She's false, she's false !

ISOBEL *enters, infuriated; she comes up with furious anger to the PRINCE. They stand confronting each other for a moment. The DEVIL smiles and exit.*

Iso. Ah, thou art here ! 'Tis well. Now answer me;
If there is any spark of knighthood in thee,
Let it now show itself ! Make revocation
Of all thy dastard calumnies of me !
Then rid me of these gadflies here that sting me
With poison from thy lips. They say—they say——
[*Stops speechless.*]

Rid me of them, I say. If thou'rt a knight,
Now do me justice. Dost thou hear me ?

Prince.

Ay.

Iso. Then answer me.

[*PRINCE suddenly seizes her hands, looks close into her eyes.*]

Prince.

Woman, thou knowest me.

Thou knowest I am Leon of Auvergne.

Iso. [*Taken by surprise, falters.*] And if I do ?

Prince. Ah ! then thou dost ! And thou
Hast known me all the while, and cunningly
Hast laid thy plans to trap me, and supplant
Thy cousin.

Iso. I laid plans to trap thee !

Prince.

Ay !

Deny it !

Iso. I'll not stoop to clear myself.
Believe whate'er thou wilt.

Devil. [*Whispering through the leaves.*] She's false !
She's false !

Prince. Thou'rt false ! Thou'rt false ! Thou hast deceived me !

Iso. And thou hast slandered me, given up my name

To common rumour. Now do justice to me.

Prince. Do justice to thyself. Thou hast deceived me !

Thou stand'st revealed !

Iso. [*With a great cry.*] Revealed ! Ay, so I am !
Revealed to shame, a common byword made
By thee ! By thee !

Prince. What dost thou say ?

Iso. [*Frenzied.*] My shame.
Is noised about ! The wenches and the grooms
Are making sport with me, laughing, laughing
That I have played away myself to thee.
Dear Christ ! I make a merry spectacle !
Avenge me ! Make amends ! Thy word ! Thy word !
Take off my shame ! Own me before the world !

Prince. [*Is turning away on his heel.*] I've done with thee.

Devil. [*Whispering through the leaves.*] Thy dagger's at thy belt.

Iso. [*Hand on dagger, following the PRINCE.*] So thou hast done with me ?

Prince. I've done with thee.

Devil. [*Behind her, whispering through the leaves.*] Then kill him ! Kill him !

Iso. [*Snatching the dagger from her belt.*] Thou hast done with me ?

No, thou hast not! Not yet, nor yet, nor yet!

[*Stabbing him again and again and again. The*

PRINCE *falls. ISOBEL stands paralyzed, the dagger uplifted in her hand—pause—the dagger falls—she stands as if in a trance.*]

[*Muttering.*] It is not true—it was not I—No! No!

Prince. See! Thou hast killed me!

Iso.

Thou didst urge me to it.

Why didst thou make my love a mockery,

And give me o'er to laughter of this rabble?

Prince. I never did. As I'm a dying man,
Heaven knows thy love hath been most sacred to
me.

Iso. [*Frantic.*] Then what am I? What have I
done? [*Suddenly flings herself on him in a*
tempest of remorse and tenderness.]

Help! Help!

Ah! Thou art bleeding! [*Tears off her robes to*
stanch the wounds. The Pilgrims' song is heard
coming nearer and nearer from the abbey.]

Speak, my dear lord! Help!

[*Stanching the wounds.*] Oh, those cruel wounds!

Will they not stop? Help! Help!

Thou dost not think 'twas I! Never say that!

I that do love thee more than my own life!

¹ [*On the stage this act may be ended immediately after Isobel has stabbed the Prince, by her standing over him exclaiming, "What have I done? What have I done?" the Devil looking out from behind the tree with a mocking laugh.*]

Help! Help! Will no one come? [*The Pilgrims enter from abbey singing their song, headed by FATHER URBAN.*] My father, look!

[*FATHER URBAN hushes the Pilgrims; the song ceases; FATHER URBAN bends over the PRINCE to examine the wounds; other Pilgrims, monastery Attendants, and country folk gradually enter and crowd round the PRINCE.*]

[*To FATHER URBAN, as he examines the PRINCE.*]
Bring him to some physician! Haste! He'll live!

Say that he shall not die! Why, 'tis not much!
He'll live! He'll live! Say that he shall not die!

Enter AVIS; comes up to the wounded PRINCE.

Father U. [*Having examined the wounds.*] These wounds are unto death. Bear him within.

Prince. No! No! Take me with ye to Canterbury.

I shall not die till ye have brought me there.

At Canterbury I was to be wed,

There let me make my peace and die. Dost hear?

To Canterbury! I do command ye!

Father U. Thou dost command! Nay, know thy place, my son.

Prince. [*Imperiously.*] I do command.

Father U. Who art thou?

Prince. [*His eyes rest on AVIS; he shows shame.*] I am Leon

Of Auvergne.

Avis. My Prince! My promised one! My love!
My promised husband!

Father U. Daughter, give place to us!
[*To the bearers.*] Take him where we may dress his
wounds, and then

We'll bear him to the holy martyr's shrine.

[*They take him up and bear him off.*]

Avis. [*To ISOBEL.*] Who hath done this?

Iso. I did it with this hand.

Avis. Thou? 'Twas thou?

Iso. Ay, I. [*Goes off after*

PRINCE; the Attendants and Pilgrims gradually file off in procession.]

[*Voice heard off.*] My father, heal him!

He shall not die! I say he shall not die!

Heal him! He'll live! He'll live!

[*Her shrieks are heard off; the Pilgrims and Attendants have filed off. AVIS has sunk down on the ground, sobbing; AVIS rises and staggers off after the procession, sobbing. As she goes off the DEVIL comes out of the tree and dances off at the end of the procession, AVIS's sobs and ISOBEL's shrieks being heard the while.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT IV

SCENE. *Porch and tower of Canterbury Cathedral ; night—moonlight. The porch and tower occupy back and left of stage, and make all that side dark, giving a view of Canterbury by moonlight at back on the right and all along the right above the cloister wall. Statuary in the dark niches in the porch. Discover the DEVIL, hanging on the tower towards the top. Clambering down, he surveys the city.*

Devil. Canterbury ! Canterbury ! My city !
My ancient, guzzling, brawling, thieving, cursing,
Lying, lousy, stenchy, bawdy city !
My grace and greeting to you. [*Takes off cap, salutes the city. Jumps on a gargoyle that stretches out from the tower, sits astride it, his legs dangling, surveying the city.*]

Hail, old city !
Why, what's amiss ? Strike up that riot yonder !
Begin it ! quick ! quick ! quick ! [*Beating the gargoyle in impatience.*]

[Now, mademoiselle !
That toy French maidenhood of yours, so please you !

Deliver it ! No screams ! Then gag her, gag her !]
My jolly cut-throat, wait your man—he comes !
That's a good stab ! Into the ditch with him !
There let him fester ! Ah ! [*Laughing, hugging the gurgoyles.*]

Now all good thieves,
Drunkards and harlots, all night's chosen children,
Bestir yourselves, dear cronies, life is short,
And sin is sweet ! Be at it while ye may.
[Now all you filthy breeding sinners, quicken
And procreate moonstricken idiots,
Thieves, sots, and liars ! In your own images
Fashion your brutish progeny ! You sloths
And swinish gluttons with bloat carcasses,
Wallow and grunt in your own bellies' turmoil !]
Trot out, my little rats, sting fleas and gnats,
Libidinous cats creep all about the lanes,
Flit skinny bats, howl mangy dogs, hoot owls,
Fat toadstools push and spawn ! [*Looking up at moon.*]

You're looking on !

Prim, rakelean, bloodless moon ! Ashamed of us ?
Tuck your squint modesty behind a cloud ;
Or hearkee, rank old virgin—[*Beckoning the moon.*]

Stoop and wink

At our obscenity. See all this city
Stew, swarm, and sweat, and suffocate in sin,
To cocker up big Belzebub and me ! [*Laughing and squealing, hugging the gargoyle ; suddenly stops, listens, jumps on the gargoyle, stands upright on it, looks out—fiercely taunting.*]

You're coming then ! Jog up his parting soul !
Smuggle him into church before he dies !
I've earwigged all these monks and drugged them
 deep ;
You'll find them hard to wake. Now come, sweet
 Prince,
Find this last refuge barred against thy soul !
Dash her vain wing-beats at the ark's shut door,
No hand shall open it to save thee, no
Deliverer appear ! Beat, beat, and flutter !
Beat and drop
Into th' unfathomable night below !
I wait for thee ! [*Passes into shadow of buttresses.*]

ISOBEL *enters very hurriedly, panting, worn, desperate.*

Iso. [*Calling off.*] Speed ye ! In God's name, speed !
At last, assuaging sanctuary, we gain
Thy sheltering doors. [*Knocking at porch. The*
 PRINCE *is brought on by bearers on a litter,*
 FATHER URBAN *and AVIS following.*]
[*Knocking.*] Hear ye ! [*Knocking.*] Are ye asleep
Or dead ! [*Knocking.*]

Father U. 'Tis strange. They keep a strict night
 watch.

The abbot's rooms are on the eastern side,
I'll see if aught is stirring there. [*Exit.*]

Prince. [*Groans, and feebly rouses himself.*] I'm
 dying !

Pray them to let me in before my soul
Has sped.

Iso. [*To attendants.*] Go ye around the church,
search out

The other doors, get entrance where you can,
And bring the holy fathers to us here !

[*Exeunt the bearers.* *AVIS, who has been standing apart all the while, approaches the litter tenderly.* *ISOBEL places herself in front of AVIS and stops her approach to the PRINCE.*

Avis. Wilt thou not let me come to him ?

Iso.

Not thou !

I've stolen him from thee ! Leave him to me ! He's
mine,—

Mine by the treachery wherewith I won him !

Mine by the woman's pearl I gave to him !

Mine by the murder that I did on him !

Mine by the undying love I bear to him !

He's mine ! Give him to me ! I'm greedy of him !

Avis. Thou lovest him ! But I have loved him too,
Most dearly ! He is my promised bridegroom.

Iso. But he hath made his nest with me, not like

The halcyon on the summer calm. Our souls

Were like two birds that should have homed apart,

But caught with winds, the tempest mated us,

And we are blown hither and thither, baffled,

Together across outrageous oceans,

And vexed, unvoyageable, ruining gulfs ;

Here we have made our nest ; on these wild seas

We rock and whirl to our despairing end.

Leave him to me. [*AVIS makes a motion to the PRINCE.*

Prince. [*To ISOBEL.*] Nay, let her come. [*AVIS approaches the PRINCE.*]

I'd ask
Forgiveness from her. I have deeply wronged
Thy pure and faithful love. [*AVIS goes to him.*]

Canst thou forgive me?

Avis. [*Bending over him.*] With my heart's truth!

Oh, I forgive you both!

And now I know thou lovest her, not me,
I will not come between you. Yet since I
Have forfeited therein all earthly hopes,
And I shall never now be wife or mother,
[*To ISOBEL.*] Let me once kiss him! Then I'll give
him up

To thee. [*She bends and kisses the PRINCE. To ISOBEL.*]

He's thine.

[*Goes off away from the church. ISOBEL goes to the PRINCE.*]

Iso. How dost thou now, beloved?

Prince. Far-wasted, drained of life!

Iso. Look! 'twas this hand
That killed thee!

Prince. [*Takes her hand and kisses it tenderly.*]

Hush! Thou wast beside thyself.

Thou knowest well that I did ne'er betray
The wrapt inviolate secret of our love.

Iso. Thou knowest, too, that I am clear of guile
Towards thee, save this, I knew thee for the Prince;
I'm blameless else.

Prince. How did I ever doubt thee?

Iso. Oh! we have gone astray in this dim world!

[*The PRINCE shows pain.*]

My love, thou art so young! Thou shalt not die!

Hark thee, my dear! Most wondrous miracles

Are here accomplished, and death-bitten folk

Redeemed to life, plucked from the very grave!

Devil. [*Voice amongst the shadows.*] Ever they ask
for miracles and signs;

Ever their God denies to work them one.

Prince. I shall not live. Bring me where I may kiss

The murdered saint's most dear remains and thence

Draw sacramental grace into my soul,

That I may pass before my God in peace.

Iso. No! I will pierce the Heaven with cries! I'll
drag

Dear mercy down! [*Cries out in an agony of despair.*]

Give me his life! His life!

I will not be denied.

[*Stands with arms upraised, lifted to Heaven—
long pause—silence.*]

Devil. [*In the shadows.*] There is none hears thee.
None has regard to thee! Thy God is dead!

[*Long pause—silence. Her arms drop in despair.*
The PRINCE tosses and groans in agony.]

Iso. Thou art in pain!

Prince. In deadly pain and thirst.

Give me some drink. [*Groaning.*] Water, for mercy's
sake;

Fetch me some drink.

Iso. I know not where to look.
Wait thee a moment and I will be back. [*Exit.*

Prince. [*Stirs on his litter, sits up.*] God's mother!

Hear! My soul will not depart
Till she is cleansed. [*Jumps up delirious.*]

Ye shall not keep me out.

[*Getting off his litter, runs staggering against the church door, butts against it, drops, rolls on the steps. The DEVIL, in the likeness of one of the statues, bends over him from a niche just above where he has fallen.*

Devil. Drop there, like rotten apple, on the threshold;

Drop there, thou morsel for my stomaching.

Prince. Mercy, dear martyr! Help!

Devil. [*Bending over him.*] He hath no power!
The virtue hath gone out of him. His bones
Are playthings, and his church a roost for bats!

Prince. Forgive my trespasses!

Devil. Recall them all!
Let every wrong that thou hast done in life
Against thy God, thy neighbour, and thyself,
Now dance and riot in thy memory!
The brave men thou hast killed——

Prince. It was in battle.

Devil. Their widows and their orphans shriek at
thee!

Hark! Hark!

Prince. [*Tossing in agony.*] Take them away!
Take them away!

Devil. Remember these last weeks of sin, thy
 nights
Of drunken folly, thy pure bride betrayed.

Prince. No more! No more!

Devil. Behold thy past! Let all
Its dark forgotten caverns flame like noon;
See all thy million little sins come skipping
To ding thee to perdition! Toss! curse! cry!

Prince. Mercy! Sweet Heaven!

Devil. Louder.

Prince. Save me!

Devil. Again! [Pause.]
Hast done? Then die! die! die! Die unabsolved,
And kick and pommel at heaven's door till doom.

[Withdraws into the shade of the niche.]

Re-enter ISOBEL.

Prince. [Shrieks.] Mercy! [Stares round.] My love,
 'tis thou! [Clinging to her.]

Thou wilt not leave me!
I have dreamed terrible things. 'Tis thou, my love?
[Looking at her very peacefully, clinging to
 her.]

Iso. 'Tis I. [Helping him on to the litter.]

Prince. My soul is in calm water now;
The bitterness of death is past. 'Tis thou!
[Smiles at her very peacefully; drops back as
 if asleep; she bends over him. The DEVIL
 stands behind her; laughs mockingly.]

Iso. What dost thou here? [The DEVIL laughs.]

Why dost thou laugh at me?
Thou seest we are desperate! Thou hast
Some strange and subtle power; what 'tis I know
not.

I pray thee use it now for our sore need. [*The DEVIL
laughs.*]

By our great misery, by sweet mercy's self,
I do conjure thee, pity us and help us. [*The DEVIL
laughs.*]

Thou mockest me! [*The DEVIL laughs. Springing
close to the DEVIL.*] Why dost thou look at me
So mockingly triumphant; and dost glow
Resplendent and majestic and enlarged,
As though some evil spirit in thy breast
Swelled thee to wear the diadem of darkness
And sov'reignty of the dread Prince himself.
Who art thou? [*Quite close to him, she falls back
shrieking.*] Thou!

Devil. Ay, I. Thou measurest me!

Iso. Then we are lost. We've diced away our
souls

To th' infernal trafficker. Lost! Lost! Lost!

Devil. Vain is remorse, as vain as love, as vain
As truth or lies, as vain as life itself,
As vain as all the rest. All's idle show.
[Ye grope and agonize in this blind void,
Like babes that perish in the womb. Ye never
Visit the light or come to any knowledge.
If one of you perchance doth stumble forth
From your primeval caves where ye do clot

With brutes in ignorance, he drifts alone,
Without a compass, on night seas of doubt,
Where Heaven hangs lying beacons and false lights
To tempt his soul on havocking rocks. There I
Do wait for him. There I do make my prey.]

Iso. Fools ! Fools ! Blind fools ! Poor silly, hap-
less fools !

Sold to the destroyer ! Cheated of all !
Cut down in blossoming time. Beggared in spring !

Devil. Shed seas of tears ; weep till thy heartstrings
crack !

Pour forth thy blood and agony like water !
All is of no avail. Come, end these whines. [*Ap-
proaching the PRINCE.*]

His soul is passing. Give my hate its fill.
Make way for me. His place is ready for him.

Iso. [*Placing herself in front of the PRINCE.*] Thou
shalt not part me from him.

Devil. [*Advancing, menacing.*] Nay, I will.

Iso. Thou shalt not part me from him.

Devil. [*Advancing, menacing.*] Stand aside !

Give way to me ! His soul is mine !

Iso. I say

Thou shalt not part me from him. [*Spill on us twain
Strange unimaginable vengeance :*

Sheet us in fire : plunge us in boiling pitch :

Rain on us cold accursed rain : bind us

In everlasting ice : goad us with hornets :

Seal us in sepulchres : drown us in lakes

Of blood : dash us on rocks :] do what thou wilt,

Our love doth laugh at thee !

[Takes the dagger from her side, stabs herself with it ; stands laughing at the DEVIL, then falls on the litter beside the PRINCE.]

Devil. *[Bending over them.]* So be it, then.

Come both with me, and be for ever tossed,
Frustrate and devious, on tormenting winds
[With them whose deathless love, invincible,
Bought them a place in hell for ever safe
From Heaven's delights and malice. Mate ye like them]
Inseparable, locked from doom to doom
In one last timeless, measureless embrace.

Iso. *[Very softly and wooingly to the PRINCE.]* 'Tis
I, my love. Dost thou not hear me ? Leon !

Prince. *[Wandering, looking round very calm and happy.]* What road is this ?

Iso. I know not, dear. I think
It is the road to nowhither.

Prince. 'Tis bright
And pleasant.

Iso. Ay, in thy dear company.
Thou'rt happy now ? *[Softly caressing him.]*

Prince. *[Imploringly stretches out his arms to the church.]* Will ye not let me in ?

Iso. Hush thee ! I'm thine ! Let that content
thee ! Rest thee !

Make calm thy unconquerable soul, my love,
For here's no thing beyond our strength to bear ;
It is a child that fears the dark. Hush ! Hush !

[Caressing him with the utmost tenderness.]

Prince. [*Imploringly to the church.*] Will ye not let me in ? [*Sinks.*

[*The doors of the cathedral are opened.* FATHER URBAN *appears with bearers and priests.*

Devil. What, Mother Church !

Good Mother Church ! Will you take in this pair ?

Father U. Is the Prince yet alive ? Why, what is this ?

Both slain ?

Iso. I loved him and I killed him. So
Have I served myself.

Father U. Oh wretched lady !
What hast thou done ? Bear them within.

[*The litter is taken up.*

Iso. My father,
Canst thou yet pardon us ? Is there yet hope
For us beyond ?

Father U. Her bosom is so wide,
Her heart so bountiful, her love so deep,
That doth receive you now, that she, be sure,
Will ne'er cast out one soul that doth but say
"I've sinned, but I repent me." To all such
Her answer is "Enter and make your peace."

[*The litter is borne in within the church ; the church doors are left open. The DEVIL comes out of the shadows.*

Devil. [*Shouts in at the church doors.*] Why, take them in. You're welcome. Plaster their sins
With holy oil. Physic them up for Heaven !
Mumble and drone them into paradise,

And bury them. Build effigies and shrines
Over the mouldering worms'-feast. Take them !
Take them ! [*Comes away from the doors.*]
And Thou ! Work out Thy cunning, aimless scheme ;
Spin round Thy maddening maze of foolish worlds
Eternally, like drunken dervishes,
All to no end, save that it is Thy whim.
Let restless matter dance round restless matter,
Till long-eked impotent space and time rebel
And sicken at their own sterility.
Hide Thou Thy childish secret ! Make no sign !
Give Thou no hint wherefore Thou hast designed
This deftly dovetailed chaos of creation
To issues of stupendous nothingness !
Let darkened mankind grope in misery,
And Thou be silent ! Keep them blind ! But give
Full play and scope to my devouring hate
Of all their race. For though my hate is vain
And futile, as all else that Thou hast made,
Yet do I hate, since 'tis Thy will or whim !
Now set ye kings to work and ply red war !
Famine and hunger inappeasable
March over these fair lands and gnaw them bare
Till frenzied mothers kill and eat their babes !
Breathe thick on every wind black pestilence,
And taint the universal earth ! I see
A merry, busy harvest time, a crop
Of death and ruin waving ruddy ripe
For me to put my sickle in and garner ! [*Vanishes.*
[*Pause, music. The first streaks of dawn appear*

in the sky, and the Pilgrims creep in one by one in the twilight and enter the cathedral ; at length the full spring dawn spreads over the scene, and shows all the trees of the cloister garden in full blossom. AVIS comes in right, FATHER URBAN enters from cathedral.

Avis. [Eagerly.] How doth my cousin now?

Father U. At peace.

Avis. The Prince?

Father U. At peace. [*AVIS bursts into tears.*]

Be thou at peace, my daughter, too. [*Sheltering her in his arms.*]

For know, all evil and all wrong that men
Endure or do, all misery, all despair,
All pangs, all conflicts, all that hurts us here,
Are but as pebbles thrown into a pond,
That make a ripple, then are seen no more.
So it is with the evil that men fling
Upon th' unfathomed ocean of God's love.
And the smooth water doth not sooner close
Over a pebble with its returning calm
Than Heaven's forgiveness drowns and hides man's
sin. [*A burst of music from the church.*]

CURTAIN.

The following song may be sung by the DEVIL in place of "The Castaways" in Act II.

THE DEVIL'S GALOP.

Oh, ride a cock-horse! My jolly cock-horse!
Woohoop! Woohoop, and away!
All gallop and spatter! All rattle and clatter!
At the end, there's the Devil to pay!
Yes, the Devil to pay!
Well, what of that, pray?
Let us live while we may!
For dogs have their day!
So jump up and away!
Down the primrosy slope, to the door without hope!
It's woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

The merry broad road! The easy broad road!
Woohoop! Woohoop, and away!
Oh, look how they're rushing! They're jostling and
crushing!
Good folks, oh, whither away?
Heyday, and heyday!
Take us with you, pray!
All our friends go that way!
It's merry as May!
Jog along! don't delay!
Oh, the junketing throng! We go gadding along!
It's woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

There's a beggar astride! We know where he'll ride!

Woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

He'll ride to the Devil! He'll ride to the Devil!

Why not, when we all go that way?

Yes, we all go that way!

Sad to say! Sad to say!

All the wise go that way!

Alack and heyday!

And the fools go that way!

All the world will be there! Yet there's room and to spare!

So woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

Kings, beggars, and all! Wise fools, great and small!

Woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

They'll ride to the Devil! They'll ride to the Devil!

Once there, he'll persuade them to stay!

Yes, he'll ask them to stay!

They won't say him nay!

Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day!

He'll beg them to stay!

It's heyday, and heyday!

They'll ne'er come away!

Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day!

No, never away!

Sad to say! Sad to say!

The behindmost he'll snatch! And the foremost he'll catch!

So woohoop! Woohoop, and away!

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